

thing about the girl that fascinated him just the same.

He could not bring himself to pull away and tell her to go about her business, as he knew very well he ought to do.

"What's your name?" asked Miss Adams, as soon as they had gained the partial seclusion of one of the side streets, which one it was we do not care to say.

"I haven't any name," replied our hero. "I'm only 333."

"You mean you don't want to give your name. Well, you are sharp. You are brave, too. The way you stood up for me there in De Lacy's was immense, and yet you must have known—"

"What?"

"That I was with that man."

"Curtis!" gasped Bob, overcome by this frank admission.

"Pshaw! His name is no more Curtis than mine is Adams. But my name is really Belle and you can call me so. Oh, how I want a friend! That man is my brother. I can't let him stay in the hands of the police and go to trial. It will just kill my poor mother."

TEN \$500.00 PIANOS AND 1



A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD

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A Little Fun.

"Did you get plenty of everything at the summer resort?" "Well, they didn't give us enough to eat, but we all got malaria."

Father—You haven't got very good marks to-day. Johnny—That's 'cause I forgot to laugh at one of the teacher's jokes.

"I shall be glad if you could spare me this afternoon, sir." "Oh, certainly, Schriener; is it—er—?" "I should like to attend my mother-in-law's funeral, sir." "Ah!—er—so should I."

Gyer—There goes a man who lives on nothing but water the year round. Myer—Pshaw! That's impossible. Gyer—Oh, no; it isn't. You see he gathers it in winter and sells it in summer.

Wigg—This paper says that of every 1,000 girls who play the piano, 600 are afflicted with nervous troubles. Wagw—Yes, and the other four hundred inflict them on somebody else.

Magistrate—Why didn't you answer to your name? Vagrant—Bez nardon. ledge.

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No. 264

"333"; or, The Boy Without a Name.

BY GASTON GARNE.



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HAPPY DAYS.

"Happy Days" Dewey Medal COUPON.

Cut out this Coupon and send it to us with three two-cent postage stamps and we will send you a Dewey Medal.
SEE 13th PAGE.

"HAPPY DAYS" Watch Coupon.

Send us 5 of these Coupons cut from any numbers of "HAPPY DAYS," with 75 cents in money or postage stamps, and we will send you the watch by return registered mail.

"333"

By GASTON GARNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TROUBLE AT DE LACY'S.

"The brightest boy in our office," said the manager of the District Telegraph station, in reply to the question put to him by Mr. Babcock, the well-known Wall street banker; "why, the brightest boy in our office by long odds is No. 333."

"Which is he?" asked Mr. Babcock, looking along the line of blue-coated boys who sat on the bench waiting for orders.

"Third from the end," replied Mr. Wilkie, the manager.

"That black-eyed fellow with the turn up nose? He does look bright and no mistake. What's his name?"

"Ah, now you've got me," laughed the manager. "We know him only as 333."

"Do you mean to say that you have a boy in your employ whose name you don't know?" asked Mr. Babcock, rather severely, for he was a stockholder in the New York District Telegraph Co. and felt that he had the right to speak his mind.

"Why, yes, in this instance I have," replied Mr. Wilkie. "The boy hasn't any name."

"No name? Impossible!"

"He is a foundling; the woman who brought him up used to call him Pat—her name was Murphy. When she was dying she told him that he was nothing to her, and as he didn't like the name Pat he dropped it when he came to work here; it was by his particular request that we call him only by his number. He certainly has a right to ask it, for the boy is actually without a name."

"Queer," said Mr. Babcock. "Well I'll try him. I don't want to trust my errands to everybody, Mr. Wilkie, as I have a great many of them and some are very important. Call up 333."

The manager did as requested.

"Well, you look like a bright young fellow," remarked Mr. Babcock, surveying him for a moment in silence. "Is it a fact that you have no name?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Why don't you adopt one?"

"I intend to some day, sir. My number is good enough for me now."

"In other words, it's none of my business."

"I didn't say that, sir."

"No, you didn't, but it's a fact all the same. Well, I'll not pry into your affairs, my boy. I want a bright lad to answer my calls and I thought I would come around and pick out one for myself. Mr. Wilkie, whenever you can, send me 333."

This was the way 333 came to be known as the banker's boy.

For fully two months he was the one chosen to do Mr. Babcock's errands, and as the banker had a great many errands 333 had little time for other work.

He liked the job first rate, for the banker was a liberal man and always gave him a tip.

The other boys on the bench thought 333 had struck luck when he came to be selected as Mr. Babcock's boy.

"Say, Tree-ty-tree, hain't you had no call yet?" asked Danny O'Neil one afternoon in October when he came in from a trip to Brooklyn and found 333 still on the bench.

"Nothing since eleven o'clock, Danny," replied 333, with a sigh. "I'm getting tired of sitting on the bench this beautiful day. I wish the boss would send me out."

"What's de matter wid your boss?" asked Danny, slipping a second-hand piece of chewing gum into his mouth.

"Nothing to do, I suppose. It isn't often he leaves me in all day like this."

But 333 was not to be kept in much longer, for he had scarcely whispered these words in Danny's ear when there was a buzz at the bell board and Mr. Wilkie called out:

"333!"

The boy was up and out of the office like a shot. It was only necessary for Mr. Wilkie to say "Babcock" and off he went.

He ran up New street, turned into Exchange place and chased upstairs into Mr. Babcock's office, where he found that gentleman busy writing.

"Hello, 333!" he exclaimed. "I want you to go up to De Lacy's for me and deliver this note. They'll give you a small package, which you will take to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and wait for me in the lobby. It's something for Mrs. Babcock. She's staying up at Tuxedo and I'm going out there to-night. Come near forgetting it. She'll scalp me if I don't bring it along."

333 took the note and was about to start away when Mr. Babcock called him back, remarking:

"Say, if I'm not there wait till I come if it takes you all night," he said, rather roughly.

Then 333 saw that the millionaire banker had been drinking.

This did not surprise him, for he had seen him so many times before, nor did it trouble him much, for he knew that he might expect a big tip when he met Mr. Babcock at the hotel, and said tip was just as likely to be a five dollar bill as a ten-cent piece.

It was getting late, being, in fact, long after business hours, and 333 lost no time in getting up to Twenty-third street, where the big department store of De Lacy & Co. was located, for he argued that Mr. Babcock would probably go direct to the hotel, and he did not want to keep him waiting there.

Now De Lacy's is always crowded, as everybody knows, and it was particularly so that afternoon.

The note which 333 carried was addressed to the manager of the credit department, who merely glanced at it, scribbled something on a slip of paper and told 333 to take it to the lace counter, which was on the floor above.

Without waiting for the elevator the boy ran up the stairs.

There were two persons ahead of him, a tall, sallow-looking man, who walked up the left hand side of the staircase, and a young girl of some eighteen years, handsomely dressed and very beautiful, 333 thought, who walked on the right.

They did not seem to be together, in fact, they did not even look at each other, but both looked at 333 as he shot between them and gained the floor above.

It took the messenger boy a few minutes to locate the lace counter, and when he got there he found these same people ahead of him.

They stood there side by side, both apparently waiting to attract the attention of the saleslady, who was engaged in a whispered conversation with the young girl who attended the glove counter, which was the next adjoining, and paid no attention to the waiting customers. But this being the usual thing in De Lacy's, it did not surprise 333 at all.

"Can I get waited on here?" asked the young girl, rather impatiently.

"I want to see some of your Honiton lace," said the gentleman, pushing forward rudely. "I was first here and I'm in a hurry. I can't wait."

"I can only wait on one at a time," snapped the saleslady, and she took the girl's order and began to take boxes down from the shelves, while the man scowled and drew away nearer to 333.

Nothing seemed to suit the girl.

Box after box of expensive laces was placed before her and their contents pulled over.

The man grew still more impatient and made some further disagreeable remarks. Poor 333 could get no attention at all, so he stood back out of the way, so as to let the crowd of shoppers pass by him, watching his chance to deliver the slip and get the goods which Mr. Babcock had ordered.

Now a cat may look at a king, they say, and there is no known way of preventing boys from looking at pretty girls, and it so happened that 333 looked at the girl at the lace counter and three times she turned her head and looked at him, and once 333 was sure she winked, but when she did it

the fourth time it happened that the messenger boy was looking at the man.

Imagine his excitement when he saw the fellow deliberately thrust a whole handful of expensive lace inside his coat, keeping his eye on the saleslady all the while.

"A shoplifter!" flashed over 333, and he looked around for a floor walker.

He did not have to look far. There was one right behind him.

He came forward with cat-like tread and brought a heavy hand down upon the shoulder of the young girl.

"Sir! What is this?" she exclaimed, springing off the stool and facing the detective, for it was no floor walker who held her in his grasp.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the man. "I'll trouble you for them laces, miss. You can't come that game in here!"

"What do you mean? Do you accuse me of stealing?" gasped the girl, turning as pale as death.

The sallow-faced man meanwhile was quietly moving away when 333 sprang in front of him and barred his progress.

"You've made a mistake," he cried, pointing at the man. "The lady didn't take the laces. There stands the thief!"

CHAPTER II.

WHAT SORT OF A HOUSE IS THIS?

333 had got himself into business, as he very soon found out.

It was a good hour before he got away from De Lacy's with Mr. Babcock's package, and he began to think at one time that he would have to go to the station house, which idea, it is unnecessary to say, he did not relish at all.

Of course the man protested his innocence and said unpleasant things about 333.

Equally, of course, the detective grabbed him, while a floor walker took charge of the girl, and they were all hurried into a private room.

The girl was taken aside by a female detective and searched, nothing stolen being found on her person; but when the man was searched the laces were found in a secret pocket in the skirt of his coat, just as 333 had said would be the case.

A policeman was then called; 333 was questioned sharply and his number taken.

"If you didn't belong to the District Telegraph I'd take you in, too," said the officer. "Why don't you give your name?"

But 333 thought his number was enough, and he said so again and again.

The man, who gave the name of Curtis, was hurried out of the store to the station.

To the girl, who gave the name "Belle Adams, 810 West Forty-third street," a polite apology was made and she was allowed to depart.

She professed to be an entire stranger to the man and he denied any acquaintance with her.

Nothing but 333's positive statement saved her from arrest.

"It's a good thing for that girl you were here, bub," said the detective when 333 was at last told he could go. "I'd have railroaded her sure only for you, but the boss is timid. I know blame well they work together. You can't tell me."

333 got out as quick as possible, very much disturbed over the affair.

It was now getting dark and he ran down Twenty-third street and bounced into the hotel all out of breath.

Mr. Babcock was not in the lobby, but 333 soon found him drinking at the bar with two flashily dressed men, and one glance was enough to tell him that his rich patron was very much the "worse for wear."

"Hello, what's your name? Come and have a drink!" he cried, catching 333 by the collar and swinging him around against the bar. "What's this? My wife's lace? To blazes with it! I'm not going to Tuxedo to-night."

He seized the package and flung it across the room, where it knocked off the hat of a gentleman who was quietly reading a newspaper at one of the tables.

Very sensibly the gentleman said nothing, but, picking up the package under the

table, put on his hat and went on reading. Meanwhile Mr. Babcock, never noticing what he had done, ordered drinks, talking all the while to his companions.

333 thought the bartender would not serve him, but he did.

"I must get away as quick as I can," thought the messenger boy, who had been through with a similar experience with Mr. Babcock twice before; but this was something easier said than done, for the banker kept a tight hold on his collar and pulled 333 up close to him every time he tried to draw away.

"Hold on! Hold on!" Mr. Babcock kept saying. "I want to talk to you, 333."

No drink had been put out for the messenger boy and he would not have drunk it if it had been. All he wanted to do was to get away in time to report at the office, but as he could not do that he naturally listened to what was being said.

They were talking about stocks.

One of the two men appeared anxious to buy certain stock which the banker held, but Mr. Babcock kept wandering from the subject and would not commit himself to a price.

333 soon discovered that, although the two men appeared to be drunk, they were not so at all.

He felt afraid for Mr. Babcock, but he did know what to do.

At last one of the men proposed to go in to supper, to which the banker assented and allowed himself to be led off.

He seemed to forget all about the messenger boy then and just walked off and left him.

333 started for the door, stopping only to pick up the package of lace, which he determined to carry to his room with him, it being now too late to report at the office that night.

He found it under the table and had just reached the door when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning, he saw the younger of Mr. Babcock's companions, who wore a fiery red necktie and sported a big diamond stud.

"Say, you git if you know what's good for you!" he whispered fiercely. "Don't you go hanging round here."

"I'm minding my business, you mind yours," flashed 333, and he pulled away and hurried to the street.

Now, such is the life of a messenger boy. It is a business which calls for more shrewdness than most men possess, and 333 was right up to date in it.

He had learned long ago to keep his mouth shut and his eyes open and his ears, too.

He felt very sorry for Mr. Babcock. It seemed a shame that so brilliant a man, with everything at his command to make life enjoyable, should make such a fool of himself.

333 was thinking about this when, a little after eleven o'clock that night, he crossed Herald Square on his way to his humble room on West Thirty-third street.

He had been to the night school which he was attending that fall and was now on his way home.

He was just passing the Greeley statue when a hand was laid upon his arm and a girl's voice said:

"I think you are the right boy. Yes, I want to speak to you."

333 turned and found himself facing a young girl richly dressed, whose face was concealed by a thick veil.

But he knew the voice instantly.

"You are Miss Belle Adams," he breathed. The girl partly drew aside the veil and showed her face.

"I thought you would know me," she said, in a low voice.

"I know you now. I knew your voice before."

"You're a smart boy, 333. I want you to do something for me. Don't stop here. We shall be noticed. Go right across the avenue. We can talk as we walk along. People will think that I have been out for the evening and that you are escorting me home."

"What do you want?" asked 333 again. He had lost all confidence in Miss Belle Adams and now believed that the detective at De Lacy's was right, but there was some-

thing about the girl that fascinated him just the same.

He could not bring himself to pull away and tell her to go about her business, as he knew very well he ought to do.

"What's your name?" asked Miss Adams, as soon as they had gained the partial seclusion of one of the side streets, which one it was we do not care to say.

"I haven't any name," replied our hero. "I'm only 333."

"You mean you don't want to give your name. Well, you are sharp. You are brave, too. The way you stood up for me there in De Lacy's was immense, and yet you must have known—"

"What?"

"That I was with that man."

"Curtis!" gasped Bob, overcome by this frank admission.

"Pshaw! His name is no more Curtis than mine is Adams. But my name is really Belle and you can call me so. Oh, how I want a friend! That man is my brother. I can't let him stay in the hands of the police and go to trial. It will just kill my poor mother."

"But what did he take the lace for?" asked 333, full of sympathy, for the girl had begun to cry behind her veil.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know, I am sure. He is in trouble and needs money. He was desperate. You can save him if you will."

"If? How?"

"Can't you say that you might have been mistaken when you are called as a witness? Can't you do that for my sake, 333?"

"I might," replied our messenger, doubtfully, "but it wouldn't be true."

"What of that? To help me! Say you will."

"I—I'll think of it."

"Thank you a thousand times. Now, come in here and tell my mother that you will. I live here. She is confined to her bed and has been for a long time. It won't take you a minute, 333."

Now, of course, it was very weak in 333 to yield. We don't deny that at all—it would be foolish to attempt to do so.

He followed Belle up the steps of a shabby old brown stone dwelling, and when she opened the door with a latch key he followed her inside.

Little did the messenger boy guess what he was doing.

He always flattered himself that he knew New York thoroughly, for his business had taken him everywhere, into many a Fifth Avenue mansion, and many a crooked den in this same most notorious neighborhood in which he now found himself.

But he believed in Belle then and later he knew that his confidence was not misplaced, and that the girl was an angel dropped down among thieves.

But all this did not alter the character of the house which he had just entered one bit.

It was a den of crooks of the worst description.

And this was soon to be made very plain to 333.

CHAPTER III.

333 SEES A STARTLING SIGHT.

Now all that has gone before has only been to work up understandingly to the most remarkable series of adventures which ever happened to a messenger boy in New York city or anywhere else.

They are not imaginary, either. This story is founded upon actual happenings.

What we are about to describe really did happen to District Messenger boy No. 333. As soon as they got inside the hall Belle threw open the door of the room which had been the parlor in the days when this part of New York was occupied by respectable families.

Bidding 333 follow her, she went in and turned up the gas, revealing a long room furnished with a degree of elegance which almost took the boy's breath away, and 333 had been in some pretty fine parlors, too, but none which exceeded this except as to size.

A heavy carpet, into which one's feet sank, covered the floor, the chairs, sofas and divans were covered with pale blue silk; there were elegant paintings hanging upon the walls and standing richly framed and draped upon easels; there was a grand piano with pearl keys and gold trimming; also statues in corners and stuffed birds high up near the ceiling, and—but we might go on for pages describing it, so we will stop where we are and get back to our story.

It was all very elegant and the soft light shed down through the fancy colored shades of the chandelier made it look more so.

333 turned to Belle and she slipped past him to the door.

"One minute," she said, in her soft, melodious voice. "I won't keep you long." Then she went out and shut the door.

333 walked over to the piano and stared at the pearl keys; then he walked over to a big picture which stood on the easel and was staring at that when all at once a hack came dashing up to the door and stopped.

Being near the window, 333 naturally looked out. There was an electric light pole

across the street which made everything in front of the house as bright as day, and, to his utter amazement, the messenger boy saw Mr. Babcock, the banker, supported by the two men who had been with him in the cafe of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, stumbling up the steps, drunker than ever to all appearance.

"Great Scott! They're bringing him in here! What am I going to do now?" thought 333.

But there was no time to think about it. He heard the front door open at the same instant and Mr. Babcock calling out in a thick voice:

"Come on, boys! Let's have another drink."

"They mean to do him," flashed over the messenger boy. "This is a crooked ranch as sure as fate. I must help him if I can. That man has been too good to me to go back on him now."

But what was to be done?

333 was afraid, of course, but he had no idea of backing out and leaving the banker to his fate for all that.

There was a door close beside him and he opened it. Behind the door was a closet and 333 popped in.

He was not a moment too soon. The parlor door flew open and Mr. Babcock came stumbling into the room.

The instant the door was closed behind him the two men let go of him and the result was painful to witness.

The banker reeled sideways and struck the piano; sheering off from that he reeled in the opposite direction and ran against the easel.

Down he went sprawling on the floor with the picture on top of him, while the man who wore the diamond stud sprang upon him as a cat would spring upon a mouse.

"Quick, Tom! The bottle! The bottle!" he breathed. "Blame those knockout drops—they are no good!"

"Here you are, Garry," whispered the other, handing out a small bottle, which his companion eagerly seized.

And 333, peeping through the keyhole, saw all and heard all.

Who said he was afraid?

What boy could do more than he did then?

The closet door flew open and 333, with one spring, kicked the bottle out of Garry's hand just as he was in the act of putting it to Mr. Babcock's lips.

"You shan't do him! You shan't knock him out!" he yelled, with more pluck than discretion, and then he hauled off and gave Tom one under the chin which came mighty near knocking him out, too.

"It's that blame messenger boy!" gasped Garry, seizing 333 by the legs and tumbling him over on the floor.

"Don't hit him! Don't hit him! Dose him!" cried Tom. "Burn the little brute! How came he here?"

"Stop," whispered Garry, who had 333 by the throat now. "This is no time for nonsense. We've got too much at stake. We'll run him into the back room and attend to his case afterward," he added. "I guess I've pinched the life out of him as it is."

It was a fact that 333 was black in the face and showed every symptom of having been choked to death, but he was not dead by a good deal.

The folding doors at the back of the parlor were thrown open and Garry picked up the boy, carried him in bodily and threw him down upon a lounge.

"I guess he's a goner," he whispered, hoarsely. "How the blazes did he ever get into this house?"

"Give it up," replied Tom. "Lock the end door. Leave him here till we're through, anyhow, it won't make much difference even if he does get away. I'd rather a blame sight he'd do that than to have him die on our hands."

"Don't agree with you," growled Garry, "but we've no time to mull with him now, that's one thing sure."

The door was locked and they were gone in an instant.

333, who was only shamming, saw and heard all they did and he knew that the folding doors had been locked, too.

He was on his feet in an instant. "Oh, if I could only save him!" he thought, and he realized then that there was only one way, and that was to get out of the house and call the police.

To leave by the door was out of the question, but there was the window. Tom and Garry seemed to have forgotten that.

333 crept over to the window and softly raised the sash.

It was about twelve feet down to the back yard, and this, for a smart boy like 333, was nothing at all.

He swung out, held on by his hands and dropped, but after all he managed to make a botch of it, short as the distance was, for his foot turned under him and down he came on the flagstones, striking his head with a force which sent him off into unconsciousness. It was a wonder he wasn't killed.

Messenger boys are a hard-headed set as a rule, it is said, and 333's head was certainly as hard as the next; a few moments passed and then he came back to his senses all at once and found himself lying on the stone.

He never guessed that he had been unconscious—didn't realize it at all—but just jumped up and staggered over against the fence, wondering what he was going to do about his foot, for the pain in his ankle had become intense.

"I've sprained my ankle, anyhow, and maybe I've broken my leg," thought 333. "Confound the luck. How could I have been so clumsy? But I can't stay here. I may not be in time to save Mr. Babcock, but I'll do my best."

He staggered on through the yard and, with some difficulty, managed to climb the back fence and drop down into the yard on the other side.

Now he began to realize the difficulty of his undertaking.

In order to reach the street it would be necessary to pass through the house at the end of the yard or some other one of the long row which extended in both directions.

"I'd better have tried it next door, I suppose," he muttered. "If I go through here I shall have to go all the way round the block. Never mind. I'll not go back, anyhow. It might as well be this house as any other—they've got to let me through."

He had covered the length of the back yard while thus reflecting and he now paused to look up at the house which rose before him.

The back windows were all dark and it looked very much as if every one had gone to bed. There were heavy iron bars at the basement windows and when 333 peered between them he found his view cut off by a drawn shade on the inside.

He now tried the kitchen door softly, and as he expected, found it fastened. To the ordinary observer there would seem to be no way of getting into the house, but 333 did not see it in that light at all.

One of the parlor windows was pretty close to the fence and now that he came to look at it, the boy saw that it was drawn down from the top a little way.

"I can get through there easy enough," he thought, "and if anybody tackles me they'll see my uniform and that will help to make them believe what I say."

Still it was running a great risk and he knew it, but 333 was not the sort to turn back because of possible danger once his mind was made up.

He climbed on the fence, and, reaching over, pushed up the bottom sash of the window and waited.

All being still, he leaned over, caught the sill, pulled himself up and sprang lightly into the room.

It was dark and perfectly still.

He could see articles of furniture here and there in dim outline, but that was all. It seemed certain that there was no one there.

Groping his way to the door which communicated with the hall he tried the knob and, to his disgust, found it locked on the outside.

There were still the folding doors, which shut off the front parlor, and he crept toward them.

"If I can only reach the front hall door I'm all right," thought 333.

It seemed to be dark in the front parlor. Not a ray of light came through crack or keyhole.

The messenger boy cautiously tried the door, and, finding it unfastened, threw it back, a cry of amazement and horror escaping him as he looked into the front parlor from which the light streamed forth.

What did he see?

What was it that held 333 there like a statue staring between the doors?

[TO BE CONTINUED]

You certainly ought to try for one of those 15 Bicycles we are giving away. See list of Winners on page 8.

Wise Forethought.

One winter, at St. Louis, two elephants were stabled in an outhouse near my rooms. One warm, bright day early in the spring one of these creatures was brought out into the alley behind the stable, in order that it might be given a bath. A horse attached to a loaded coal cart became frightened and ran at full speed down the alley toward the elephant. The latter heard the noise and saw the horse rushing toward him. He seemed to take in the situation at once; for, dropping to his knees, he drew in his trunk beneath his body, drew in his legs, and bowed his head. The horse, in his mad rush, ran completely over the elephant, dragging the heavy cart with him. Beyond a few slight scratches and bruises the elephant was uninjured. Had it not been for his wise foresight and his quick method of self-protection, he might have been severely injured, perhaps killed, by impact of the maddened horse and heavy cart. In this instance there was an undoubted manifestation of correlative ideation. The immediate adoption of the only efficient means of avoiding injury clearly demonstrates the truthfulness of this assertion, especially so since there was nothing instinctive in the action of the elephant. In a state of nature, elephants are not confined in narrow alleys, neither are they charged by runaway horses.

A Little Fun.

"Did you get plenty of everything at the summer resort?" "Well, they didn't give us enough to eat, but we all got malaria."

Father—You haven't got very good marks to-day. Johnny—That's 'cause I forgot to laugh at one of the teacher's jokes.

"I shall be glad if you could spare me this afternoon, sir." "Oh, certainly, Schriener; is it—er—?" "I should like to attend my mother-in-law's funeral, sir." "Ah!—er—so should I."

Gyer—There goes a man who lives on nothing but water the year round. Myer—Pshaw! That's impossible. Gyer—Oh, no; it isn't. You see he gathers it in winter and sells it in summer.

Wigg—This paper says that of every 1,000 girls who play the piano, 600 are afflicted with nervous troubles. Wagg—Yes, and the other four hundred inflict them on somebody else.

Magistrate—Why didn't you answer to your name? Vagrant—Beg pardon, judge, but I forgot not name I gave las' night. Magistrate—Didn't you give your own name? Vagrant—No, judge; I'm traveling incog.

Miss Feely—What a noble countenance that man has! I'll warrant you he loves to do good. Mr. Sharply (dryly)—You're not entirely mistaken. It is his business to write wrongs. He is a clerk in the Criminal Court.

Mamie—I thought you said you weren't going to the Department Store Employees' ball? Kate—Well, I didn't think I could afford it at first, but I understand they've marked down the tickets from one dollar to ninety-seven cents.

"There is the horseless carriage," she said thoughtfully. "Yes," he admitted. "And wireless telegraphy?" "Yes." "And chainless bicycles?" "Yes." "I wonder," she said with a sigh, "if it will ever come to armless courtships." Then he hastened to reassure her.

"I should like some evidence, young man, that your intentions are serious," said the old gentleman. "Evidence!" exclaimed the young man. "Haven't I bought three boxes of candy at sixty cents a pound, two matinee tickets and six plates of ice cream in less than two weeks? How much evidence do you expect from a man in moderate circumstances?"

Interesting Items.

Stillwell Palmer, of Dover township, Adrian, Mich., a prosperous farmer, 75 years old, in May, 1897, lost his speech and had not spoken since till August 29. He was religious and thought the Lord directed him to go to the house of an ex-preacher named Ihler. He hitched up his horse, took a slate and started. Ihler and his family struck up a Gospel song. Then followed a season of prayer. Six prayed that Palmer's speech be restored, and when the prayers ended Palmer began praying aloud himself. Palmer is a Methodist and Ihler a Baptist.

Ernest Whitehead captured a young seal near Anacapa Island, California, recently, and took him on board his ship. As the vessel started the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the captive was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's call by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was in the sack. The other seized the sack, and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop eighty miles.

Wm. Morey and Albert Barton, while fishing at Popolatic Pond, near Milford, Mass., the other day, captured what is considered the largest turtle that has ever been taken from the water in this vicinity. They pulled the turtle to the surface of the water with an ordinary fish hook and line and as soon as he showed his head two bullets were discharged from a revolver into the same, which stunned it so that it rolled over, when the two fishermen seized its tail and pulled it into their boat and brought it to town, where it was weighed. Two Frenchmen purchased it for \$1.50, which was considered but one-half its real value.

A man in Georgia some time ago caught some sparrows and trained them so that he can open their cage and they will fly back again without any other inducement than the love of their home. This trainer watched the birds carefully and made up his mind that sparrows could be trained to do the work of carrier pigeons, and that, as they were smaller, they could be more valuable in case of war. He gave one of his sparrows to a friend, who was going a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and told him to free the bird when he had reached the end of his journey, and at the same time to telegraph him when he did so. The bird reached home and went direct to its cage, making the journey in a little over an hour and a half.

Youthful Depravity.

"Mamma, I fink I am not well,"
Said lazy little Mabel;
The beans I'd given her to shell,
Neglected on the table.

Her dimpled cheeks with roses vied;
Her eyes the stars resembled;
The chubby form my faith defied—
My darling had dissembled.

"I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said,
"Because you'll miss the puddings;
The place for sick folks is in bed,
With not a taste of good things."

She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress,
This wicked little sinner;
"Then I'm not sick just now, I dess,
I'll wait till after dinner."

Just think of winning a \$50.00 Bicycle
with only 70 Coupons! See list of Win-
ners on page 8.

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

YOUNG Admiral Dewey

OR,

The Rival Steamboats of Long Lake.

By FRANK FORREST.

Author of "Dick, the Half-Breed," "In Eb-
ony Land," "In Peril of Pontiac," "Steve
and the Spanish Spies," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BURGLARS FOILED.

"Are we going straight to the mill or do we rouse up the village, Dewey?" asked Charley Fox, anxiously, as the boys hurried along the road toward the cotton mill. "That depends," replied Young Admiral Dewey. "Which would you do, Charley Fox, if you were in my place?"

"Don't ask me," said Charley. "I'm not the one to decide."

"I think I know what you would like to do, Charley."

"Well?"

"To have this thing kept as dark as possible, for your brother's sake."

"For the sake of my mother and sister, George. I don't consider Jim much in the matter—I can't. He has been the black sheep of our family for years and has caused us no end of trouble. If you knew him as well as I do you never would have left that cash box down there in the boat."

"He has promised to do better," said George. "It was he that told me where to find the money and it is not likely that he will steal it again, besides he can't stand on his feet."

"Oh, you don't know him as well as I do," said Charley, anxiously, "but it's your funeral, not mine; so is this mill matter. All I want is to keep it as quiet as I can."

"What do you say, boys?" demanded George. "Do we rouse the village or do we go it alone?"

"Rouse the village," said Bob Fowler. "We need all the help we can get."

"Leave it to the admiral," added Jim Martin.

"I think we ought to let George decide," said Ned. "He has heard Jim Fox's statement and ought to know more about it than any of the rest of us."

"But what does George say about it himself?" remarked Charley Bulger. "He hasn't spoken yet."

"I say let's do both," replied George. "Charley, you go on to the village and call up the superintendent and tell him all about it. We'll go on to the mill and take our chances there."

Now the "mill village," as it was called, lay a little to the right of the mill itself and was reached by a cross road, down which Charley Bulger now started on the run.

The others stopped in the woods for a few moments to cut some clubs, which were to be their only weapons in case of trouble, and then hurried on to the mill, which was a collection of brick buildings standing on the bank of Pickerel Creek.

"Is there no watchman at the mill?" asked Ned as they drew near. "Do those fellows expect to get in without any one seeing them? Upon my word I don't see how it is to be done."

"They'll fix the watchman all right," replied George. "They've studied the premises carefully and know just what they are about. Lay low, fellows, here we are at the gate; keep in the shadow till I see whether it is locked or not."

The gate was locked. Peering through the palings George could see the office, which was a small brick building detached from the rest. It was dark and seemed to be deserted. Young Admiral Dewey began to wonder if the men were there after all.

"They've busted the fence here," said

Ned, in a low voice. "This seems to be where they went in."

"Come on, fellows," said George. "We'll make a try for it, anyhow. I don't know for sure whether anything is going to come of this or not, but we've got to see it through."

Thus saying Young Admiral Dewey slipped through the palings, and, followed by the boys, stole cautiously across the mill yard toward the office door.

They had not gone a dozen yards before a muffled explosion was heard in the direction of the office, and at the same time something which had hung in front of the window seemed to drop and a light shone inside. Now all could see three dark figures moving about the big safe, the door of which hung out on one hinge, but this was all they saw, for one of the figures instantly rushed to the window and hung up something, after which all was dark again.

"They've blown the safe!" breathed Young Admiral Dewey; "there is but one thing for us to do now, boys."

"Run for help," whispered Charley Fox. "If Bulger has been any way active it ought to be almost here now."

"No," said George. "We'll lay for them outside the fence. If we let them get away with their plunder then I say we are no good."

No objection was raised and the boys all slipped back through the broken palings and crouched among the bushes, which grew thick close to the fence on this side.

They had not long to wait, for a few moments later stealthy footsteps were heard crossing the mill yard and then Mac's face was seen passing through the break in the fence.

"It's all right, boys. There's no one here," he whispered. "Out with you. We want to get the stuff on board the Maine and back to the Owens as fast as ever we can."

Mac now stepped through the break. He held a revolver in his hand and once more he looked warily around.

King and the other man followed him, the former carrying a heavy bag slung over his back.

The time had come! Springing to his feet and uttering the school cry, George Dewey flung his club at Mac, taking him over the head, while Ned, Charley Fox and the others let theirs fly at King and the other man.

The suddenness of the attack did the business.

Mac did not even attempt to fire, but just made off as fast as his legs could carry him. King dropped the bag and followed him and the third man turned aside, plunged into the bushes and disappeared.

"After them!" cried Charley Fox. "What are you holding back for, George Dewey? Don't let them escape! Remember the Maine!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed George. "Here comes help! We want to look out for the plunder! Don't forget that."

Hurried footsteps were heard coming down the road.

George caught up the bag and led the boys on to the gate, where, in a moment, they were joined by Charley Bulger and half a dozen men, including the superintendent of the mill.

Explanations followed and George turned the bag over to the superintendent, who tore it open and found it full of cash.

"Confound them! They knew where to strike!" he exclaimed. "They knew that the cash for the pay-roll came up from Portland to-day. I've warned Mr. Wertman many a time that it wasn't safe to leave the money over night in the mill."

More talk followed, but not much, for George did remember the Maine and would not wait.

Later on—we may as well mention it right here—the watchman at the mill was arrested for complicity with the burglars, for it was positively proved that he had been bribed by Mac to absent himself from his post that night.

Up the road Young Admiral Dewey led his little force, and there was some lively sprinting done, you may rest assured, but, after all, they were too late.

When they reached the cove the Maine was no longer there, but they could see her ploughing her way across the lake toward the Hawk.

"They are after my cash box!" cried Dewey, "but they won't get it. You fellows better get to Brownsville good and lively and chase them in the Grey Gull. We'll follow in the boats. If we can't do anything else we can at least keep the steamer in sight and let you know which way the robbers have gone."

This speech was intended for the mill men who had come with them, and they acted upon George's suggestion at once.

Meanwhile Young Admiral Dewey, followed by his companions, ran on along the shore to where the boats had been left.

"Just as I told you, George Dewey!" groaned Charley Fox, as they came in sight of the boats. "Jim couldn't stand up against a temptation like that."

It was indeed so.

The boats were there all right, but Charley Fox's brother had vanished, and when they came to look for the cash box it was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHASING THE MAINE.

"Pull out, boys! Pull out! The only way to undo what has been done is to keep on working. If we've got to lose the cash box let her go. Perhaps we can capture those scoundrels and finish up this night's work."

But it hardly needed George's encouraging words to throw energy into the arms of the rowers, for all were equally in earnest with the young admiral, and the boats flew over Long Lake in lively style.

The moon was at her full and they could see the Maine plainly enough as she steamed ahead of them.

Of course there was no possible chance of coming up with her; all they could hope to do was to keep the steamboat in view.

"She's taking a mighty roundabout course to get to the Hawk," remarked Ned after a little. "I begin to think that they don't intend to go there at all."

"It does begin to look very much that way," replied George, "but I'll tell you one thing which none of you fellows seem to know."

"What's that?" asked Jim Martin. "No secrets. Out with anything that is going to help this fight along."

"Oh, it's no secret," said George. "They are going to run the Maine on to the sand bank where the Skowhegan stuck if they keep on the course they are going, that's all."

"And it's enough," cried Charley. "If they get stuck there what are they to do?"

"Remember they have got their boats," said Bob Fowler. "They can put off well enough."

"They don't seem to know where they are going," said George, who had been watching the movements of the Maine closely. "In my opinion they are aiming for the Hawk and their present course all comes from bad steering. I wish I could make out which of them has the wheel."

"Steamer ahoy! Steamer ahoy!" cried Ned, suddenly springing up in the boat.

"Sit down! What's the matter? Are you crazy?" exclaimed George, and he suddenly perceived what the excitement was all about.

Around a point of land quite near to them a small steamboat had suddenly appeared. Her decks were crowded with boys and girls and she was heading straight for the boats.

"It's the Grey Gull!" cried George. "It's the Grey Gull as sure as fate, and all our girls and fellows are on board, and the Werts, too! Hooray! We won't have a bit of trouble in running down the Maine now!"

"She's stuck!" cried Ned in the same breath. "No, she isn't, either. I thought she was stopping, but they are going on again."

"They are not near the shallows yet," said George. "Here, give the Grey Gull the hail. Let 'em know we are here. The boats are not in it now."

A great shouting began then and it had its effect. The boats were seen and the boys, laying on their oars, soon found themselves alongside the Grey Gull.

"Is that you, George Dewey?" called Ella Gardner, looking over the rail.

"Don't you see me?" answered George. "Ella, you're a trump. I know without being told that it was you who brought the Grey Gull out here."

Young Admiral Dewey was quite right, and he found it out before he got through his talk with Ella when he came on deck.

The dance being over, the boys and girls of the two school naturally went down on the wharf to make their start for home, when, to their surprise, they found both steamboats gone.

Before this George, Ned, Charley Fox and the others had been missed by their friends, and, as they could not be found, it was naturally assumed that there was trouble in the wind, and when Ella proposed that they all go aboard the Grey Gull and run up the lake in search of the rival steamboats all agreed.

So the owner of the Grey Gull was routed out of bed and in spite of the lateness of the hour agreed to take the pupils of the rival schools up the lake.

Young Admiral Dewey's story of the night's adventures was soon told and it is needless to say created the greatest excitement on board.

Captain Tucker, of the Gull, readily agreed to give chase to the Maine, and George and Ned went into the pilot house with him.

All this was done inside of a few moments, and, with the boats in tow, the Grey Gull started on after the Maine, which had now made another wild turn and was heading directly across the shallows, which course, if they could be passed in safety, would take her pretty near the Hawk.

"Fuh! Whoever that feller is what's steering he must be crazy!" declared Captain Tucker. "He'll be aground before he knows where he is if he don't look out."

"Look! Look! They are fighting in the pilot house!" cried Ned, suddenly.

It was like looking at a shadow pantomime.

They could see a dark figure come dashing into the pilot house of the Maine and seize the man at the wheel by the throat.

There was a brief struggle and then the

flash of a revolver was seen, followed by the sound of the report a moment later, but before it came both the man at the wheel and his assailant had fallen down out of view.

"It's a case of dog eat dog," cried Young Admiral Dewey. "Drive ahead, captain. We've got them now."

"You bet we have!" echoed Ned. "There she goes on the shallows!"

It was certainly so.

Suddenly the Maine was seen to career badly over to one side.

She instantly righted and her stern swung around.

"Stuck, by thunder!" cried George. "All we've got to do now is to go in and win."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

On flew the Grey Gull, and as Captain Tucker knew the lake perfectly, she was soon alongside the Maine, which had not moved an inch since she ran her nose upon the sand bank.

There was only one person visible on the steamer now, and that was the man King, who hung over the rail looking the picture of death.

"I surrender!" he cried. "No fight left in me. We are all dead on board this infernal craft."

The boys needed no second invitation to board the captured steamer. It was Young Admiral Dewey who first sprang on board.

"You!" gasped King. "Well, you've done for us, young feller! Mac has killed Bill Baker and shot me in the side, but I'm revenged, for Bill shot him before he died. What was the reason? Well, you're green if you can't guess. All the dough from the mill didn't go into that there bag. Some of it went into Mac's pocket and Bill tried to get his share when he found that Mac meant to make off in the small boats and keep it all."

Now, this may or may not have been the true story of the affray on the Maine, but King told the truth, for both Mac and Baker were found dead in the pilot house and three thousand dollars in bills was taken out of Mac's pocket by Young Admiral Dewey later on.

George then took the helm and Ned, going to the engine room, they soon had the Maine off the sand bank and the run up the lake was continued.

Most of the boys came aboard the Maine, impelled by curiosity to see the dead men, but the girls all stayed on board the Grey Gull.

The run to Dr. Wertman's was soon made and the pupils of his school landed and then the others were taken on to the academy, where Professor Francis met them.

"You have done nobly, George!" he said, when he heard the account of the stirring events of the night. "I am proud to have you as a pupil of my school."

There was no sleep for the boys that night.

The bodies of Mac and Baker were left on the Maine, guarded by the admiral and his crew, but King, who was badly wounded, was taken up to the school and put to bed, to be delivered over to the constable next day.

There was the greatest excitement all over the neighborhood about the robbery, as a matter of course.

Next day the directors of the mill met and passed a vote of thanks to George Dewey and his companions for the brave part they had played and voted a reward of \$3,000 to be divided among the six boys.

Later it was agreed by George, Ned, Charley Bulger, Jim Martin, Charley Fox and Bob Fowler not to accept the money as individuals, but to consolidate the boat clubs of the rival schools and let this money be a fund to be used for raising and repairing the Skowhegan.

This was about a week after the robbery, and on that day the leaders of both schools, all good friends now, went down to have a look at the wreck, which lay in twenty feet of water, about two miles east of the Hawk.

Here they remained for some little time talking over their plans. George was sure that the steamer could be raised and proposed to send to Portland for a professional wrecker at once and let him make an estimate of the cost.

While they were still discussing the situation Charley Fox spied a small boat, pulled by a single rower, coming toward them from the direction of Brownsville wharf, and as it drew near he suddenly caught Young Admiral Dewey's arm, exclaiming: "Oh, George! There he comes again!"

There was no need for Charley to explain, for all could see that the boy who pulled the boat was his double. It was Jim Fox, for whom the sheriff had searched in vain.

The boys watched his approach in breathless silence.

"I want to see you, George Dewey!" he called out as he came alongside. "Come down on the lower deck where I can speak to you."

George obeyed in silence, not speaking until he leaned over the rail and said: "Well, what do you want with me?"

"This!" replied Jim, putting his hand

under the seat and producing the stolen cash box. "Take it, Dewey. You'll find the cash all right. I tried to rob you again, but I remembered what you did for me and I couldn't do it. Don't try to follow me. Let me go and I'll lead a better life."

George took the box and the boy pulled away without even looking at his brother, but when Charley called out, "Good by, Jim," he turned and waved his hand, and, pulling around the point, disappeared.

Charley Fox may have learned later what became of him, but none of the rest did, for he was never seen around Brownsville or Skowhegan again.

George, upon opening the box, found the money intact, except for the hundred dollars, which he knew was missing before, and a few days later Captain Cole, who had been in the inebriate asylum all this time, was paid his bill.

During the week which followed the Skowhegan was raised by the Portland wreckers and put in thorough repair at Brownsville.

Just before the lake froze over there was another race between the rival steamboats and on that very day, as it happened, the man King was sent to State's prison for his share in the robbery at the mill.

The two steamboats—rivals no longer—made the start from Professor Francis' wharf at half-past nine, every pupil of the two schools being aboard, with musicians from Murdoch's band playing away for dear life on the deck of each boat.

Honestly George Dewey would like to have seen the Skowhegan win the race that day, for Charley Fox had shown himself most friendly ever since the eventful night at the mill, but it was not so to be.

The Skowhegan was decidedly the slower boat of the two and this race fully settled the point.

She steadily lost ground from the start, and the Maine pulled up at Brownsville wharf a good five minutes ahead.

Then the cheers rang out for Young Admiral Dewey, but no one ever guessed that this young man was to become the nation's idol in later years.

Does the great admiral still remember those days when he commanded his first ship?

Can he ever forget them? Can any of us ever forget our schoolboy days?

Certain it is that none of the boys of the rival schools on Long Lake, many of whom are now successful business men scattered about in various parts of our country, can ever forget a man so honored by the American people as is their old school-fellow, Young Admiral Dewey.

[THE END.]

Are you reading "Work and Win"? It contains the great Fred Fearnot stories.

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

Going Out West

OR,

The Fortunes of a Bright Boy.

By C. LITTLE,

Author of "The Aberdeen Athletes," "Willing to Work," "A King at 16," "Minding His Business," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

STARTING ON THE TRAIL.

"Hello! Who the mischief are you?"

These were the words which greeted Jim Berry and the boy Nonny as soon as the smoke had cleared away a little in the drift.

Jim heard the men coming and saw the flash of their lanterns, so he waited where he was for them to come up, for Jim was shrewd and he at once guessed the truth, that these men were no outlaws and toughs, but honest workmen who had broken in from another mine.

"We are all right!" he called out. "I can explain how we came to be here if you only give me time."

"Why not? Why shouldn't we give you time, bub?" demanded the rough-looking miner who came hurrying up to them.

"It's just as I told you, boys," he added. "We have broken through into one of the old drifts of the Chief. I knew blamed well that we couldn't be very far from their line."

"All I want to do is to get out and go on the hunt for Mr. Dean's daughter," added Jim. "If you'll let me go up through your mine I'll be ever so much obliged to you. It's a very important matter, gentlemen. Miss Dean has got the money for the payroll of the Gold Queen and this man Knittle is bad enough to go to any lengths to get it. Besides that, I heard Knittle say that he and the Indians with him meant to raid the Gold Queen's Mine before morning. Somebody ought to warn them over there or there will be trouble sure."

"Well," exclaimed the man with the lantern, "this is a great start! The boss must know of this!"

"The boss knows everything, mister," put

in Nonny in his silly way. "You'd better listen to him."

Jim winked at the man and touched his forehead significantly.

"I understand," was the reply. "Come along, my boy. I'm only the foreman of the night shift. You want to tell your story to our super and he can do what he likes about it. Come right along."

Thus saying the man with the lantern led the way back through the drift, leaving the men, who had listened to Jim's story in silence, to go on with their work.

"What mine is this, sir?" asked Jim, as they walked along.

"The Gold Queen," replied the foreman, shortly.

"What! Mr. Dean's mine?"

"Yes."

"Why in the world didn't you say so? This is the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. I thought the Gold Queen was miles away."

Then the foreman believed in Jim, which he had not thought it quite safe to do before, and he added:

"This is the Queen all right, my boy, and if what you say is true you've done a big thing for the owners; but don't ask me to do any talking till you've told your story to the boss. It's for him to decide whether to believe it or not."

They hurried on and after a moment came into a shaft where there were many men at work drilling in the rock, all of whom looked at Jim and Nonny with the greatest surprise.

"Where did these fellows come from?" said the foreman in answer to their eager questions; "why, we found them in the drift after the last blast."

And this was all the foreman would say. Things were run pretty strict in Mr. Dean's mine, Jim thought.

The foreman now touched an electric button and down came the big cage through the shaft.

The boys followed the foreman in and they went flying up into the shaft house, and from there Jim was led into a handsomely furnished office, where there was a comfortable fire burning in a big stove.

"Mr. Barler, our superintendent, is in bed upstairs," said the foreman, "but as I think he ought to know what you have got to say, I'm going to wake him up. What's your name?"

"Jim Berry, sir."

The name told the foreman nothing, for he had never heard it, but it told Mr. Barler, the superintendent, a great deal, and he hurried on his clothes and came down into the office at once.

"So you are the boy my uncle sent out here in charge of the pay-roll?" he exclaimed. "Out with your story, quick! Is it true that my cousin has fallen into the hands of the outlaws? I might have known better than to send that drunken scoundrel Bill Dates after you. I believe that it's all his work."

Jim lost no time in telling his story, you may be very sure.

Mr. Barler hardly had the patience to listen to him.

Three times while he was talking Jim was interrupted by the superintendent ringing bells and giving whispered orders to the man who answered them; but he never made the least comment on what Jim was saying till the boy was all through.

"I believe you, Jim," he exclaimed, then, starting up and shaking the boy's hand warmly, "you have acted like a hero; the only mistake you made was in leaving my cousin alone. That never should have been done, but it can't be helped now. This man Knittle I know well. He used to work here in the mine and was known as Dutch Frank. He's a tough of the worst description and we kicked him out long ago. I don't think my uncle ever saw him, but he knew all about his doings while he was employed here and I wonder he did not recognize him on the night of the robbery. If he had done so he would not have got off so easily, you may rest assured."

"But what can we do about Miss Ella?" asked Jim. "If you'll only give me a horse I—"

"Wait!" replied Barler, who, by the way, was a young man not so very much Jim's senior; "you and I are going after her immediately; as for Dutch Frank leading these Indians on to attack the mine, don't you worry about that. Let them try it on. We'll give them a warm reception. You come with me."

"And that boy, sir?" questioned Jim; "shall he come, too?"

"No, no! He would only be in our way. The foreman will look out for him. Come on."

Nonny had been left outside in an ante-room, but he was not there when Jim and Mr. Barler passed through.

When they reached the open there were six men ready mounted on splendid horses and armed with rifles waiting for them, besides two other horses waiting for their riders.

These were for Mr. Barler and Jim, and the superintendent, telling our hero to mount, handed him a revolver.

"Oh, I've got one, sir," said Jim. "I'm all right that way."

"Wait, you had better have a rifle, too."

"No; I don't want one. I don't know

how to use it, but I can handle the re-

volver all right, as you will see if it comes to close quarters."

"That's enough!" exclaimed Mr. Barler. "Into the saddle with you, Jim. We must find Ella and the money first of all, then we'll come back and see what Dutch Frank means to do to our mine."

Jim sprang into the saddle and Mr. Barler, giving the word to start, away they went, dashing out of the yard, turning at once into a dark canyon which led between towering cliffs.

CHAPTER XX.

CAUGHT ON THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

"Do you suppose Ella heard your cry and took warning?" Mr. Barler asked of Jim as they rode on through the canyon; "that's the question before the house now."

"I'm inclined to think she did, sir," replied Jim. "There was no reason why she shouldn't have heard it. I hollered loud enough."

"But you didn't hear the horses moving off?"

"No."

"That looks bad."

"Well, I don't know. I was pretty busy just about that time."

"Busy fighting Indians, yes. Well, it was a new experience for you, boy, and I don't wonder you had no time to think of anything else. If you had done as much Indian fighting as I have you would know something about it. Did those fellows have horses, think?"

"I'm sure they didn't, sir. I certainly should have seen them if they had been there."

"How many Indians were there, anyhow?"

"I counted six—there may have been more."

"You can bet your life there were no more or you would have seen them. Trust a redskin not to keep himself out of sight in a case like that. I'll tell you what it all means, Jim."

"What, sir?"

"Those reds were only a deputation from the tribe come up there to meet Dutch Frank. Of course they never would expect to attack our mine without horses. The main tribe must be in camp somewhere near him, and wherever that camp is that is where we want to look for Ella, if I know anything at all."

"Do you think Dutch Frank and Idaho Bill are working together?" asked Jim.

"I had not thought of it, but it is a good suggestion, my boy. Bill could raise the reds against us any time, but I don't believe Frank could. It does look as if Dutch went straight to Idaho Bill as soon as he got out of jail. Of course he is anxious to get revenge on Mr. Dean and particularly on you. Those anarchists are slick ones. Your movements were probably watched from the start and they knew just when to expect you and the money. Upon my word, Jim, I believe you have explained it all."

By this time they had reached the end of the canyon and turned into another and before they had gone a dozen yards further Jim recognized it as the one through which he and Ella had passed to reach the Chief.

"Yes, this is the way," said Mr. Barler. "You see the canyons are winding, but our mine joins with the Chief, and that's why Mr. Dean has bought the other mine. There is only a narrow cliff between the two. You see now how it was that our drift ran into theirs."

"Here we are," said Jim. "This is where Ella stood with the horses while I went back."

"I've been watching the trail," said Mr. Barler. "I suppose you didn't do that."

"Oh, yes I did, sir."

"And you saw that horses had gone the other way?"

"Certainly I did."

"You didn't mention it."

"Because I thought we'd better take a look around the mine first and make sure that Miss Ella was not here before we went off anywhere else."

"Sharp!" said Mr. Barler. "We won't find her here, my boy. Take my word for it, the poor girl has been captured. The place to look for Ella is in the Indian camp."

They dashed into the mine yard and dismounted.

A thorough search of the premises was made and with just the result predicted by Mr. Barler, for not a trace of the Indians were discovered.

"They've gone long ago," he said. "Now, Jim, we are off for the Indian camp."

"You know where it is, sir?" asked Jim, as they hurried toward the horses.

"No, I don't. I only wish I did," was the reply; "but never mind; we'll find it. Remember, we have got the snow to help us. It might not be difficult to track those horses."

"Give me the lantern and let me go ahead," said Jim. "I'm sure I can do it. The rest of you can keep close behind me."

"Just what I was going to suggest," replied Mr. Barler. "Bust ahead, Jim. We'll get there. No use of having any despairing feeling in a matter of this kind. Ella must be found."

Jim thought that Mr. Barler was just

the nicest man he had ever met, and he was not far from right, for Jack Barler was certainly a thoroughly good fellow, and what was more to the point, he believed in Jim as soon as he laid eyes on him; but then there was nothing strange about that, for Jim carried honesty written on his face.

He ran along through the snow, now flashing his lantern right and left. There was no difficulty finding the trail he and Ella had made coming up, although the snow had been pretty well trodden down by their own horses, and when they passed the entrance to the canyon leading into the Gold Queen Jim promptly discovered a down trail.

"Here it is, Mr. Barler," he cried. "Ella certainly went this way."

"As I thought," said Mr. Barler. "Well, keep on, Jim; all we've got to do is to follow it, but look out for the Devil's Slide."

"What's that, sir?" asked Jim. "Leads down into Death Valley," was the answer. "I'll let you know when we get near to it."

Jim hurried on without giving very much thought to the Devil's Slide, it must be admitted, for he trusted Mr. Barler to post him when the time came.

And no doubt this would have been all right if the superintendent's saddle girth had not suddenly broken.

This caused Mr. Barler to dismount and his companions halted, too, while Jim pushed on with his lantern.

"Go on, boys!" exclaimed Mr. Barler, after a moment. "I'll be right with you as soon as I punch a hole in this strap. Tell the boy to look out for the first turn to the right."

It would have been well if he had spoken sooner.

Jim went plodding on. He had been wondering for some moments what made the trail so blurred and now he had discovered the cause.

"It's the Indians!" he exclaimed. "As true as I live they've gone along here on tiptoe, putting their feet in the horses' tracks."

He soon proved this, for he came to a place where there was a full imprint of a human foot.

Right beyond he came to a sudden break in the cliffs on the right and he saw that the trail turned in there.

"I've found the way they went!" he shouted, and he plowed on through the snow, when suddenly he passed beyond the cliffs and saw a deep valley lying at his feet.

"Can they have gone down there?" thought Jim. "It doesn't seem possible."

He went on a few steps further and more cautiously, for he feared a precipice ahead.

And caution was needed here, sure enough.

"Look out for the Devil's Slide!" shouted Mr. Barler's voice behind him.

The warning was heeded, but it came too late for Jim.

All at once, before he had time to realize his danger, his feet flew from under him and down he went on his back.

Before poor Jim could save himself he was flying down the side of the mountain with lightning speed.

He was caught on the Devil's Slide!

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE INDIAN CAMP.

Jim was in trouble again, sure enough, and it might have been avoided if he had turned abruptly to the right after passing the line of the cliffs, for here there was a way of passing down into the valley safely, and what was more, that was the way the trail went.

It was a case of too much energy and too little shrewdness, and Jim was paying the penalty now.

He flew down the slope like lightning, and nothing but the presence of the snow between the two narrow ridges of rock which marked the Slide saved him from death—that and the boy's own common sense, which made him hold himself perfectly rigid.

The descent was between five and six hundred feet and luckily for Jim he performed it in safety, landing in a snow bank at the foot of the slope.

Instead of springing up Jim lay perfectly still, for there, right before him, he saw what Mr. Barler had been looking for.

It was the Indian camp!

There were a dozen or more lodges erected beside a clump of trees and a big fire burned in the midst of them. Under the trees there were a number of horses hobbled; whether they were the ones he was looking for or not Jim could not tell, and it was a poor time to make any investigations, for as many as a dozen Indians were sitting about the fire smoking and talking. The wonder was that they had not seen Jim coming down the Devil's Slide, but as none of them were looking that way nor showed any excitement, he came to the conclusion that they had not observed his abrupt descent.

"There they are. Those are the horses and I'll bet anything Ella is in one of those tents," thought Jim.

If he had any doubts on the subject they were soon dissipated, for all at once he saw

Knittle come out of one of the lodges and walk toward the fire. He said something to the Indians and they moved up and made a place for him. He then sat down, pulled out a pipe and began smoking with the rest.

"If I'm ever going to get a chance to do anything now is the time," thought Jim.

He listened, wondering if he could hear anything of his friends on the cliffs above him, but there was not a sound.

"I'll bet anything that lodge Knittle came out of is the one where they've put Ella," thought Jim, "and I'm going to get there if I die in the attempt."

He did not dare to rise, so he crawled along on his hands and knees through the snow, working his way completely around the Indian camp and approaching it on the other side.

Fortunately for his purpose, the lodge for which he was aiming was the last of the group and it was also the one nearest to the grove where the horses were.

Jim listened attentively as he drew near, but there was no noise except what came from the Indians about the fire, so he came to the conclusion that there were no women and children in the camp.

Crawling up behind the lodge Jim cautiously raised the buffalo hide off the snow and tried to peer in.

It was perfectly dark, but he could hear some one breathing.

"I'm going to give Ella the call," determined Jim. "If I make a mistake it may cost me my life, but it is better to risk it that way than to go around in front."

"Ella! Ella!" he breathed.

"Oh, Jim!"

To the boy's immense relief the response came instantly.

"It's me," said Jim. "Are you alone in there?"

"All alone; the Indians captured me, Jim. I'm a prisoner. Oh, I'm so glad you have come! I thought you were dead!"

"Not yet," breathed Jim, crawling into the lodge. "Where are the grips, Ella? We'll do our talking after we get out of this."

"They are here."

"All right, and the horses are just outside. I'll get you out first, Ella, and look after the grips afterward. Here goes! I'm going to set you free."

Jim had his knife out by this time and he lost no time in using it on the straps of rawhide with which Ella was bound.

"Oh, Jim, if that dreadful one-eyed man comes back he will kill us both!" groaned Ella. "We had better run for it while we can."

"Will if you say so, Ella," replied Jim, "but I think we had better let the horses do the running for us. Follow me now. You can judge better after we get out."

They crawled under the buffalo hide and stole toward the grove, where the horses were hobbled.

"Now, stand here and I'll have the grips out in just two shakes," breathed Jim.

Ella nodded and he started back again, but before he could gain the lodge a loud yell from the fire brought him to a halt.

Every Indian was on his feet in an instant.

Yelling like demons, they ran toward the lodges, while Jim skurried back to Ella, who whispered:

"We must fly for our lives, Jim, or we are lost!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old and Young King Brady are great detectives. Read about them in "Secret Service." Price 5 cents.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Hustling Bob;

OR,

THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "10,000 Miles from Home," "Lost Hopes Mines," "His Own Master," "The Timberdale Twins," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUSTLING ON QUARRY WORK.

"Never mind what I thought. I'm here to sell stone."

"That's the way to talk. I was a little rough with you, I suppose. You'll get used to my way, though, and used to my money, too. My name's Flynn—Mike Flynn. I've got a contract for a big building in Troy. I pay cash for everything I buy."

By this time Bob had quite recovered himself and he replied with his usual businesslike air:

"That's all right, Mr. Flynn. You must excuse my nervousness. I have not been very well of late and I took you for some one else. How much stone do you want to buy?"

"That depends. Have you any dressed?"

"No; the fact is, I have only just bought this quarry. There's no one up there but Mr. McIntyre, the foreman."

"You know nothing about the business, I'm told?"

"That's so."

"And you have no capital to run it with? You've just bought the quarry on spec?"

"That isn't so."

"I was told it was."

"You were told wrong. I have all the money I need and can get as much more as I want."

"That so?"

"Yes."

"I was told differently."

"Excuse me, Mr. Flynn, but if you don't want to come down to business I've got something else to do," replied Bob. "I've got to hustle and I've no time to talk."

"That's all right, my boy. Come over to the hotel and have a drink; we can't talk business here at the station."

"No; I don't drink. This business can be settled in two minutes; the question is, do you want to buy stone, if so, how much and what price are you willing to pay?"

"Well, I want enough to fill the specifications on the building," replied the contractor. "It's no use for me to talk about that to you, though. You don't understand the building business; as for prices, I don't make them for the people I buy goods of. That's for you to do."

"You're right. You want an estimate for all the stone the specifications call for."

"That's it."

"You shall have it."

"When?"

"When do you want it?"

"By Saturday."

"All right. I'll see that you get it that day. Where can I see the plans and specifications of this building?"

"Why, I've got them here," replied Flynn, pointing to a roll of paper which he carried in his hand, "but if you will allow me I'd like to say a word."

"Fire away. I'm not stopping you."

"I was going to propose to put men on at the quarry for you and get out the stone on my own account, paying you a lump sum as profit. Would you entertain any such proposition as that?"

"I might."

"It would be quicker for me and easier for you. You see I'm a stone cutter by trade. I know all about the business."

"Don't you want to see the stone first?"

"No; I've used it before many times. It was put in the specifications at my request. If I can't come to terms with you I shall have the specifications changed so that some other kind can be used."

"There will be no necessity for that. You can come to terms with me. Where is your office?"

"No. 188 River street, Troy."

"All right. I'll call on you at noon Saturday and give you price and a time limit for the delivery of the stone. You can then make me an offer to get the stone out yourself and I shall be prepared to agree on one proposition or the other. There's no need for any delay."

"That's business!" exclaimed the contractor. "Here are the plans and specifications. There's nothing to hinder me from getting the next train back."

"Nothing whatever," replied Bob. Accepting the roll from Mr. Flynn, he shook hands and hurried away.

Now, although Bob had put on a bold front, he was somewhat doubtful about being able to carry out his agreement with Mr. Flynn.

The business was entirely new to him. When he got to his room, spread the plans out on the table and read the specifications he found that he could not make head nor tail of them, but for all this he was prepared.

He accordingly rolled up the plans and drove out to the quarry. The only person there was Mr. McIntyre, who resided with his family in a small cottage near by.

Bob showed him the plans and told the whole story. "Can you help me, Mr. McIntyre?" he asked.

"Not in the least," was the reply. "I'm a practical stone cutter, but I don't know anything about building. You had better let this slide or take up with Flynn's offer. He's a square man as far as I know."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied Bob, promptly. "Mr. McIntyre, how many tons of stone do these plans call for? At least you can tell that."

"Certainly I can't. I don't understand plans, as I told you."

"Then you can't help me?"

"Not at all."

"All right. Good day," said Bob, rolling up the plans.

"What are you going to do?" asked the foreman.

"Hustle and find some one who can," replied Bob, and three minutes later he was on the way to the station, where he caught the train for Albany, at which place he arrived in time to insert an advertisement in all the morning papers, which read as follows:

"WANTED.—A competent man to estimate on stone work for builders. First-class men only need apply to R. S., City Hotel, before ten A. M."

Having left the copy with the different papers, Bob went to one of the most prominent architects in Albany and inquired about the standing of Mr. Flynn and ascertained that it was the highest.

Next morning brought several letters, but only one applicant, a tall, thin man of

about thirty, whose face wore a confident air and he gave the name of Mabie.

Bob questioned him and found that he had been in charge of a large quarry in Massachusetts for a number of years and had lost his place on account of the failure of the company.

He offered as references his former employers and several Boston architects.

"Call at two o'clock and I'll give you an answer," said Bob, without disclosing any portion of his business.

Mr. Mabie asked a few general questions and withdrew, but when he came again at two o'clock Bob engaged him as manager of the quarry, for the replies to the telegrams which he had sent to Mr. Mabie's references spoke of him in the highest terms.

They returned to Brookville together and the following morning Bob drove Mr. Mabie out to the quarry, where the plans and specifications of the big building were gone over carefully.

Mr. Mabie proved himself perfectly competent to make the estimate and had it ready the following morning.

"I can get everything in running order here in a week's time," he declared. "There's a good three thousand dollars profit in that contract at our figures. Still, if Flynn offers you more I'd accept it and we will start right in and open up a new ledge. You've got a good thing here, Mr. Somers. There is no reason on earth why you shouldn't make money. Even if you lose this contract don't worry. There are plenty of others to be had."

This was Friday and next morning Bob started for Troy by the first train, leaving Mr. Mabie to get things in shape at the quarry.

The train had scarcely started when a well-dressed man, whom Bob had noticed as a stranger at the station, left his seat and came over and sat down alongside of him.

"Excuse me," he said, "but your name is Somers, I believe."

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTURED AT LAST.

Bob's heart sank as he looked at the stranger.

The recollection of those mysterious events in his past life came to his mind with a rush.

"Here's another detective," he thought. "I ought to have taken Squire Evans' advice. Sooner or later I've got to face the music and that means jail for a time, at least, but I would have liked to get the quarry running first."

Such were Bob's thoughts, but he concealed his agitation as best he could and replied in a steady voice.

"Yes, sir, that's my name."

"So I thought," said the stranger. "My name is Travis. I came to town last night, too late to call on you, and when I did call this morning I was told that you were off for Albany, so as I wanted to see you I thought I'd come along, for there could be no better place to talk than on the train."

"Yes, but what did you want to talk about?" asked Bob. "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, and—"

"No, just so," broke in Mr. Travis, "but I'll soon introduce myself. I'm a builder in New York. I hear that you've purchased the quarry Wehrle used to have up at Brookville. Is that a fact?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bob, greatly relieved. "If you want any stone I'm your man."

"That's just what I do want. I'm figuring on a new hospital which is to be built in New York and your stone has been highly recommended to me. Are you in running order yet?"

"Shall be in a week."

"That's plenty of time. I shan't have to put my figures in to the architect for at least a fortnight and then, of course, I may not get the job."

"If you'll let me see your plans and specifications I'll give you a figure."

"To-day? They are at my hotel in Albany."

"I should want the plans at least twenty-four hours."

"I see. You are not practical at the business."

"That's so, but I have a man at the quarry who is."

"Well, you can have the plans and mail them to me in New York, or still better, I'll call at the quarry on Wednesday next and get your estimate. I'd like to have a look at the stone."

"You will find your estimate all ready if you will do that," said Bob. "It will be the best way. I should like to have my Mr. Mabie talk to you. I'm perfectly willing to admit that I don't know anything about the stone business, but I'm open for contracts and I don't intend to let grass grow under my feet."

"Yes, I've heard you were a hustler," said Mr. Travis, smilingly, and then they began to talk about general matters.

As the train rolled on Bob found Mr. Travis a most genial companion.

The boy was so relieved to find that he was not a detective that he opened up to this stranger as he seldom did to any one.

Mr. Travis, on his part, met him more than half way.

He seemed to be wonderfully well-

informed, and, according to his own account, had traveled pretty much all over the world.

He was full of anecdotes of his travels, and Bob grew so interested in listening to them that they were in Albany almost before he knew it.

"We'll take a hack and go right around to my hotel and get the plans," he said. "It won't take long."

"I'm due in Troy at noon," replied Bob. "I had rather call when I come back."

"Pshaw! Why, you've got two hours yet. Here, driver! Bring your hack this way."

The man addressed sprang upon his box and drew up alongside of them, but Bob still hesitated.

"Where are you stopping?" he asked.

"At the Hudson House."

"Don't know it. Where is that?"

"Oh, it's up Broadway a piece—not very far. Come, jump in. I've got to go to Schenectady this afternoon and I can't meet you, anyhow."

Bob yielded and followed Mr. Travis into the hack.

The ride occupied about ten minutes, and when they left the hack Bob was anything but pleased with the appearance of the hotel.

To be sure there was a big sign reading "Hudson House" over the windows, but it was easy to see that the place was nothing but a low-class saloon for all that.

"Come right up to my room," said Mr. Travis. "The fellow who runs this place is an old friend of mine; that's why I stop here."

Bob had gone too far to back out now, and he unhesitatingly followed his new acquaintance upstairs and into a dirty, ill-furnished room on the second floor in the rear.

Not until Mr. Travis suddenly slammed the door and turned the key in the lock did the boy suspect the truth.

"You're my prisoner, Bob Richards!" exclaimed the supposed builder, whipping out a pair of handcuffs. "You're wanted in Janesburg, Pennsylvania, and I'm the man who is going to take you there!"

Bob turned as pale as death and made one rush for the window, which stood open.

It was no use.

Out went Mr. Travis' foot and down went Bob flat on the floor.

The next he knew the handcuffs were snapped about his wrists.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

Helped to his feet by Mr. Travis, Bob dropped into a chair and stared at his captor with white face and trembling lips.

"Well!" said Travis, smiling all over.

"I've got there, it seems. Been looking for you a long while, my boy. There, there, don't feel so cut up about it! Try a cigar? I'll put it in your mouth and hold the match. What? Don't smoke? Well, I do. Now, then, let's be sociable, for we don't get a train on the D. & H. till one o'clock. I'm no brute, Bob. I want to make things as comfortable for you as I can."

While he thus rattled on Bob never spoke a word.

Here was another detective, of course. It was hardly likely that this man would drop dead to accommodate him, as Detective Connors had done.

"Who are you?" asked Bob, as the man lighted his cigar and leaned back in a chair.

"Pinkerton detective," smiled Travis.

"Why do you want me?"

"Oh, I guess you know well enough."

"Why do you call me Richards when my name is Somers?"

"I guess you know that, too. Don't try to bluff, my boy."

"Look here," said Bob, "I'll admit here, where there are no witnesses, that my name is Richards and that I am probably the boy you want. Can this thing be settled up?"

"With me?"

"Yes."

"No, sir."

"I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Glad?"

"Yes."

"Then you don't want to bribe me?"

"No. I am prepared to go to Janesburg and face the music. I am innocent of any crime."

"Oh, certainly—of course."

"I am, although you may not believe it. I'll go to Janesburg, but I want to ask a favor of you first."

"Name it, my boy. If it can be granted it will be."

"Take off these handcuffs and take me to Troy. I've got an important business engagement there at twelve o'clock. After I've kept the appointment I'll go with you."

"I'd like to do it, Bob."

"Do it. I'll pay you well."

"Oh, you can't bribe me."

"I'm not trying to bribe you—this is business."

"But if you should change your mind and try to escape?"

"I shan't."

"What will you give?"

"All the money I have about me. Come!"
 "How much is that?"
 "Two hundred and fifty dollars."
 The detective thought a moment.
 "Well, I'll take the chances," he said,
 "but remember one thing. I'll shoot you
 dead on the spot if you try to escape.
 Those are my orders. It's Bob Richards
 dead or alive."

In reply Bob simply held out his hands
 and the bracelets were removed.
 "There!" he exclaimed. "Now I'm a
 man again. Come along to Troy."

"Cash first," said this detective, who
 could not be bribed.
 Bob counted out the money.

"Lend me ten dollars to pay my ex-
 penses around to-day," he said. "I've got
 plenty of money in the bank at Brookville.
 I'll pay you back."

Detective Travis tossed him over the
 bill and, after a few remarks, led the way
 downstairs, first searching Bob to see if
 he had a revolver about him, which he had
 not.

They spent the next hour walking about
 Albany.

The detective kept wanting to drink and
 Bob unhesitatingly followed him into sal-
 oon after saloon.

As the whisky began to take effect Mr.
 Travis became confidential, and his stories
 grew larger and larger.

Again and again he tried to question
 Bob, but finding he could get nothing out
 of him, he gave it up at last and they took
 the train for Troy, entering Mr. Flynn's
 office at precisely twelve o'clock.

"Ah, you're on hand, I see," said the
 contractor. "Well, are you prepared to
 bid?"

"I am," said Bob. "Mr. Flynn, let me
 introduce my—my friend, Mr. Travis."

Mr. Flynn nodded. Evidently he did
 not like Mr. Travis' looks very well.

Bob pulled out his estimate and handed
 it over.

The builder studied it carefully.

"Well, this is all right," he said. "Can
 you carry out the time part?"

"Yes."

"And deliver the stone as agreed?"

"Yes."

Travis stared. "You had better be care-
 ful how you make any bargain like that,"
 he whispered in Bob's ear, loud enough for
 Flynn to hear.

"Because if you can't I'm prepared to
 give you a thousand dollars down for the
 use of your quarry for this job," Flynn im-
 mediately said. "You can keep an in-
 spector on the ground to see that we don't
 take more stone than this contract calls
 for."

"No," said Bob. "I'll take my chances.
 You can either accept my offer or we'll let
 the matter drop."

"I'll sign the contract," said Flynn, and
 he did so. "You'll hear from me in a few
 days," he remarked as Bob and the de-
 tective went out.

"By gracious, you've got a nerve!" ex-
 claimed Travis, when they struck the
 street. "One would think you expected the
 unexpected to happen. Young man, you'll
 never see Brookville again."

"Perhaps not," said Bob, quietly, "but I
 propose to hustle to the last gasp. If I
 can't fulfil this contract my man up at the
 quarry can and must. As for the unex-
 pected, it sometimes does happen, and—"
 "Look out! Look out!" yelled a con-
 ductor on a passing car, and at the same
 instant there was a shouting overhead
 from the scaffolding of a new building,
 which Bob and the detective were passing
 at the time.

Bob jumped into the street and the de-
 tective probably would have followed
 him if he had been sober, but as it was he
 stopped short and looked up.

Fatal look!

Down came a heavy block of brown
 stone, and, to Bob's horror, he saw Mr.
 Travis fall to the sidewalk beneath it.

The unexpected had happened!

"Is he dead?" panted Bob, as the work-
 men pulled the block of stone off the body
 of the unconscious man.

"Dead! Yes, of course, he's dead. Do
 you know him?" asked one of the men.

"No," said Bob, hoarsely, and, pushing
 his way through the crowd, he hurried
 down River street, never stopping till he
 had turned the corner at the Mansion
 House.

"Stop that boy! Stop him!" he heard
 some one shout then.

There was a crowd running down River
 street.

"He's not dead!" flashed over Bob.

His first thought was to run, but in-
 stead he opened the door of the Mansion
 House, slipped into the office and saw a
 crowd of men and boys go rushing by.

"He's not dead and he's offered them a
 reward to capture me," thought Bob.
 "What am I to do? Sooner or later this
 thing has got to be faced."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Providence company has recently
 made an emery wheel 39 inches in diameter
 and 12 inches thick. It was built up on a
 special iron centre 31 inches in diameter,
 which ran on a 35-16 inch shaft. Accord-
 ing to the Iron Age, the whole affair
 weighed over 1,200 pounds. The machine
 was designed for grinding wooden balls.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Young Frank Reade

And His Electric Airship;

OR,

A 10,000 MILE SEARCH FOR A MISSING MAN.

By "NONAME."

Author of "Wrecked at the Pole," "Frank
 Reade Jr. in Cuba," "Six Weeks in
 the Moon," "Two Continents," etc.

CHAPTER X.

LOST UNDERGROUND.

The sudden reappearance of the airship,
 which neither Frank nor Scipio had ever
 again expected to see, was indeed a great
 shock as well as surprise.

There was no mistake. It was plainly
 visible about a mile overhead and descend-
 ing rapidly toward the earth. What could
 this mean?

Scipio and Frank stared. Had the thief,
 Luke Snyder, if it was him, lost control
 of the mechanism, or was he returning for
 the purpose of exterminating the two sur-
 vivors of the aerial party?

This was the question which occurred
 to both Frank and Scipio. If the former
 reason was correct, then there might yet
 be a chance to recover the Polar Star. But
 if the latter, their fate was undoubtedly
 sealed, for Snyder could safely stand on
 the Star's deck and shoot them down.

Frank drew back from the cavity in the
 earth's crust and watched the airship with
 intense interest.

It was descending quite rapidly, yet not
 falling, as it were. There was a motion,
 however, which seemed to tell Frank that
 the ship was not under control.

"Ah!" he cried. "He cannot hold it. She
 is beyond control."

"Golly!" cried Scipio. "I done hope dat
 am a fact!"

Forgotten for the moment was the fate
 of his companions by Frank in the all ab-
 sorbing study of the airship. He climbed
 out of the depression upon the open plain.

Scipio followed him and they regarded
 the Polar Star intently. Nearer it drew to
 the earth.

Plainer to view became objects on its
 deck and the two watchers could now dis-
 tinguish the glass windows of the pilot
 house, and this enabled them to witness a
 startling sight.

The figure of a man was seen to rush
 from the pilot house to the rail and look
 over. Then he rushed back.

That it was the hidden stowaway who
 had gained possession of the Star there
 was no doubt. It was evident that he was
 unable to direct the course of the airship
 or stop its descent.

The Star had been for a time directly
 overhead, but now it was seen to be drift-
 ing to a point a few hundred yards beyond,
 and that it would eventually reach the plain
 some distance away.

Scipio started at full speed for that spot,
 but Frank cried:

"Come back! That won't do."

"Hi, hi!" cried Scipio. "Wha' yo' say,
 Marse Frank? I jes' wants to git mah han's
 on dat rapscallion."

"That would be suicide. Don't you see
 he is armed? He would put a bullet through
 you."

This was seen to be a fact. Snyder had
 again appeared at the rail with a rifle in
 his hand. He evidently did not see the
 two voyagers, but that he apprehended
 hearing from them was plain by this ac-
 tion.

Scipio saw that Young Frank Reade was
 right, so he drew back. In that moment
 the airship settled down in a hollow of the
 rolling plain.

From their position only its rotoscopes
 could be seen. The deck was not visible.
 Just on the verge of this depression some
 rocks cropped up out of the ground and
 up behind these the voyagers crept.

They were enabled now to see all on
 the deck with ease. They could easily have
 shot Snyder, but Frank would not consent
 to this. He did not wish to take the life of
 the crank.

"He cannot do further harm now," he
 said. "We will steal up under cover of
 darkness by and by and get aboard unseen
 by him. The rest will be easy."

That it was really Snyder who had done
 all this mischief the two aerial travelers
 could now plainly see. As Frank had de-
 clared their best course was to wait for
 darkness and then endeavor to surprise
 and overpower the villain. In the mean-
 while there was little risk that he could
 again make off with the Star, for Frank be-
 lieved correctly that the mechanism of the
 key-board was out of order.

The two aerial travelers were now con-
 fronted by a couple of puzzling questions.
 It seemed necessary to keep an eye on the
 airship.

On the other hand, it would seem impera-
 tive that immediate steps be taken to
 learn the fate of the three missing ones—
 Larry, Kate and Grace.

Frank, however, was not long at a loss
 for a plan.

He looked at the sky and saw that dark-
 ness could be but a few hours away. So he
 said:

"Scipio, you remain here and keep an
 eye on the airship. I will go back and
 search for the others."

"A' right, sah," replied the coon. "I
 reckon I kin do dat, sah."

"If any good chance is offered you can
 go aboard. But do not take any foolish
 chances. That Snyder is a dangerous fel-
 low."

Scipio rolled his eyes.

"Don' yo' fear fo' dis coon, sah," he re-
 plied. "Ise gwine to look out fo' mah'self,
 a' right."

With this Frank turned away. He quick-
 ly made his way back to the curious cavity
 in the earth, where he was sure his friends
 had disappeared, going to what he feared
 was an awful death in the bowels of the
 earth.

As he crept cautiously into the place,
 however, his feet began to slip. He made
 a desperate effort to leap back.

Too late!

A cry of horror burst from his lips. He
 made spasmodic efforts to save himself and
 then the crumbling soil carried him down.

He slid and rolled slowly but irresistibly
 down into the cavity. It was utterly use-
 less to try to climb back. The fearful suc-
 tion of the vortex of sands carried him on.

Down, down he went into utter darkness.
 Above his head he saw with a thrill of
 horror the aperture growing less and less
 in size. He was saying farewell to outer
 earth and sky, sunlight and the world per-
 haps forever.

The awful horror of that experience
 Young Frank Reade never forgot. Then he
 suddenly ceased to travel further and found
 himself waist deep in the slippery, yielding
 sands.

The aperture above had disappeared from
 view. All about him was an impenetrable
 pall of darkness.

Where was he?

Was this to be his fate? Would he be
 able to escape from this dreadful place or
 was it to be his end? Cold sweat burst
 from every pore. Young Frank Reade was
 a plucky youth, but this was certainly a
 terrible situation to face.

For a time he rested easily in the over-
 whelming sands. Then a sudden, thrilling
 surprise was accorded him.

A distant whistling was heard and then
 a rich brogue singing:

"Ah, Rory be aisy, don't kiss me no more,
 It's tin toimes to-day you've kissed me be-
 fore."

"Shure there goes another, an' then to make
 sure,

There luck in odd numbers,
 Says Rory O'More."

"Arrah, don't yez be a bit down-hearted
 now, young leddies. Shure it's safe enough
 that young Misher Frank will have us all
 out av this in a twinklin' av yez will only
 have patience. It's many a worse thing cud
 befall us."

"There, hear that, Grace. If Larry can
 hold out so courageously we ought to. Let
 us be as brave."

Young Frank heard all this before he
 said a word. That he comprehended the
 situation goes without saying. When the
 last words were spoken he cried out:

"Brave boy, Larry! That's the way to
 talk. Grace, Kate, we are all in the same
 box."

"Whurroo," yelled Larry like a wild In-
 dian. "Phwat did I tell yez? It's Young
 Misher Frank."

"Frank!" screamed the two girls. "Oh,
 is it you?"

"Yes," cried the young inventor. "Just
 wait and I will be with you in a moment."
 But this was easier said than done.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAVE-DWELLER.

The clinging sands made it for a time al-
 most impossible for Frank to change his
 position. He floundered about wildly and
 nearly spent himself.

But presently the sands grew thinner
 and soon were below his knees. He quick-
 ly came to hard surface and then was free
 of them altogether.

The damp air of a cavern was about him.
 A moment later and he was in touch with
 his friends.

To be sure that was a happy reunion.
 The girls wept with joy. But the young
 inventor was in a serious frame of mind.

"On my word," he declared, "I don't
 know but that we will all have to perish
 here together. How to get back to the
 outer world is a conundrum."

"Shure, sor, it's not aisy to go back the
 way we cum," averred Larry.

"You tried it?"

"Shure I did, sor."

"Well, I agree with you," said Frank.
 "That is out of the question. But we must
 try and find another outlet. There ought
 to be such."

The coming of Young Frank Reade had
 given all fresh courage. He told them of
 the incident of the airship's return.

"Oh, if we can only succeed in getting
 back to the earth's surface all may come
 out right yet," cried Kate.

"There's the idea," agreed Frank. "It is

my opinion that we are in the shaft of
 some ancient mine."

"An ancient mine?" exclaimed Grace. "I
 thought the gold fields of Alaska were a
 newly discovered tract."

"They are among the oldest in the
 world," replied Frank. "There is evidence
 everywhere of prehistoric man and his
 mines. Yet it is possible that this is a
 natural cavern. We shall soon find out."

"Begorra, I can't see me hand ferninst
 me," declared Larry.

"We'll remedy that," cried Young Frank,
 with sudden thought.

He remembered happily that he had in
 an inner pocket a neat and powerful elec-
 tric lantern.

He quickly produced this and turned on
 its bright rays. In an instant an astonish-
 ing spectacle rewarded the gaze of the trav-
 elers.

The arches of a cavern were over them.
 Passages extended in various directions.
 But these arches were all of rude masonry
 and plainly the handwork of man.

Frank's theory was proved to be correct.
 They had fallen into the loosely filled shaft
 of an ancient mine, which might have been
 worked thousands of years ago.

The loose, shifting sand had accumulated
 in the shaft in just a sufficient quantity to
 partly close it. The weight of the falling
 bodies had been just sufficient to send it
 down in volume.

It was really a fortunate thing that the
 girls had escaped injury. This could only
 be ascribed to the shifting character of the
 sand, which was of the black variety.

That gold had been mined here by pre-
 historic man there was no doubt. It was
 a wonderful revelation.

Frank took up a handful of the sands and
 examined them.

"It would pay to wash these sands now,"
 he declared. "They are laden with gold in
 fine particles."

"Be jabers, av we iver git out av here,
 shure it would pay us to open up these
 mines," declared Larry.

"It shall be done," declared Young Frank
 Reade. "No doubt these are the mines
 which the North American Company sent
 their party up here in quest of and which
 your father, Grace, claimed were in exist-
 ence."

"I only wish we could find papa now,"
 said Grace, with a sigh.

"Of course that is our first object," re-
 plied Frank. "When we have learned his
 fate then we will return here and these
 mines shall be opened in your name, Grace."

"In my name?" exclaimed the young
 girl, with surprise.

"Yes."

"But—why in my name?"

"Because of right they belong to your
 father. He was the first to suggest their
 existence. The North American Company
 has gone out of existence, having failed in
 their object. Your claim in your father's
 name is paramount to any other."

"But I could not think of it," protested
 the young girl. "You have as good a claim
 as I."

"Well, hardly," replied Frank, with a
 laugh. "Perhaps you might divide with
 Kate and Larry. You three are the origi-
 nal discoverers."

At this all laughed. But the matter was
 not discussed further. Other things now
 claimed the attention of all. First, it was
 of prime importance to discover a method
 of escape from the mine.

With the electric lantern it was now easy
 for the voyagers to examine their position
 and explore the recesses of the mine. From
 one passage to another they went.

These seemed to literally honeycomb
 the earth. They extended in all directions
 in a rambling way. Some of them were
 followed to their end.

For hours the travelers wandered on
 until they were unable to tell where they
 were. They were practically lost under-
 ground.

And yet no outlet to the mine was found.
 The girls were getting terribly exhausted.
 Frank learned by his watch that a night
 had been passed thus and another day had
 dawned.

He could not help wondering what Scipio
 had done. He had no doubt the darky
 would try to board the airship and over-
 power Snyder single-handed.

If he succeeded all would be well. If he
 failed—Frank felt a shiver. He could
 not think of it. In vain he tried to find a
 way out of the deadly winding passages.

The situation grew more desperate every
 moment. Now the pangs of hunger began
 to assail all. There was water trickling
 from the walls, but food was not to be had.

The girls were growing weaker, though
 they kept up bravely. Frank saw that
 something must shortly turn up in their
 favor or the bitter end must come.

He exhausted every resource to locate
 the mine's outlet. The awful conviction
 had begun to dawn upon him that it did
 not exist, that they were buried alive.

He groaned with inward horror. But
 just at this eleventh hour a most strange
 and startling incident occurred.

Turning a sharp angle in the wall of a
 passage they were following, Frank, who
 was in advance, came to a sudden stop.

The rays of the electric lantern showed
 the walls of a cavern chamber here re-

(Continued on page 10.)

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[This story commenced in No. 263.]

The Boss of the Camp;

OR,

THE BOY WHO WAS NEVER AFRAID.

BY R. T. EMMET,

Author of "Left on Treasure Island," "Cal, the Canvas Boy," "The Boy from Tombstone," "Hal Hart of Harvard," "Nobody's Son," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHASE UP THE RUN.

"Drop on that!"

"Let the boy alone!"

"Touch him if you dare!"

These and similar exclamations rang out through Dyball's gambling saloon as the players crowded about the faro table upon which Harry Holloway had taken his brave stand.

"Where is that boy!" shouted one whom Harry recognized as the man who had ordered him to mount the horse. "I'll bore a hole through him if I'm shot for it two minutes later—by Gaul I will!"

The young man dragged Harry into the doorway alongside of Dalrymple's grocery store. Fortunately the door was unfastened and responded to his touch.

In a second the boys were behind it, the

"Yes, but it's down."
 "You mean over Badger canyon? I never could jump that break."
 "Yes, but your horse might. I'm sure I can make mine do it."
 "I couldn't. I'm afraid, and the horse would know it."
 "Then I expect we are in for it! Hark! Don't you hear them? They are after us! They'll catch us at the break—it's right ahead."
 "Go on and save yourself! Never mind me!"

"Not much! You helped me, and I'll not desert you. I'm not afraid to face them, but I'd rather do it on the other side of the break!"

The situation was getting serious, for the clatter of hoofs could be heard behind them, and Harry had not the least doubt that it meant that they were being closely followed by Arizona Jake's gang.

"You must leave me," said the young man firmly. "I can't make the jump! You can! Go on!"

"Never!" replied Harry. "I lost my head there in the gambling house, and if

JUST LOOK AT THIS!

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 70 Coupons,
 AND
 Another One for Only 80
 Coupons.

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See how easy it would have been for you to secure a good wheel if you had only half tried.

Don't let this chance slip by again, but try your luck in the series now running.

NAMES OF 15 BICYCLE WINNERS.

Name and address.	No. of Coupons.
Wm. Nordquist, Camden Place, Minn.	691
Elmer E. Fisher, 919 Garfield ave., Elkhart, Ind.	621
Mrs. Mattie Hamilton, 418 E. 123d st., New York.	505
H. B. Weston, 126 Crescent st., Harrisburg, Pa.	451
A. M. Keefer, Mongo, Ind.	374
Wm. McPherson, 1233 S. 26th st., Philadelphia, Pa.	373
Wesley Schwarz, S. W. cor. — & Jackson st., Phila.	334
Franklin S. Bickel, 551 E. Arch st., Pottsville, Pa.	327
George Lahare, agt. Union News Co., Binghamton, N. Y.	327
Wm. A. Wright, 146 1/2 Water st., Binghamton, N. Y.	307
John Moran, Barre, Vt.	274
Laroy E. Chappell, 28 2d st., Fall River, Mass.	178
Jos. M. Herman, Jr., Lansdale, Pa.	136
Miss Margaret Younge, 6823 Parnell ave., Chicago, Ill.	80
Francis C. Knight, 315 Waverly ave., Cleveland, O.	70

NEXT WEEK!

The Boy Mayor

OR,

BUILDING UP A TOWN.

By FRANK FORREST.

OUT TO-DAY

"Snaps" No. 2,

Tommy Bounce At School;

OR,

THE FAMILY MISCHIEF AT WORK
AND PLAY.

By Peter Pad.

Work and Win No. 46

FRED FEARNOT AT YALE AGAIN

OR,

Teaching the College Boys New
Tricks.

BY HAL STANDISH.

Secret Service No. 39

The Bradys' Close Shave

OR,

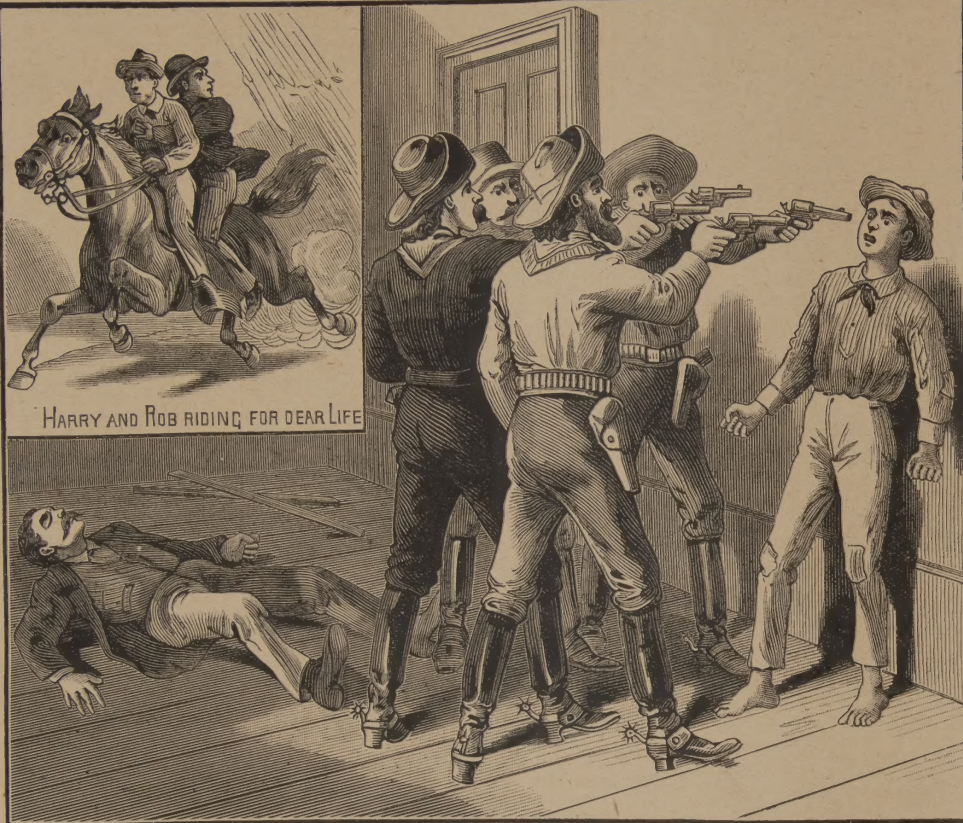
INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

By A New York Detective.

Pluck and Luck No. 72

The Boy Silver King.

By Allyn Draper.



HARRY AND ROB RIDING FOR DEAR LIFE

"I GIVE UP, GENTS," HARRY SAID COOLLY. THERE HE STOOD WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL, AND FOUR REVOLVERS POINTED AT HIM. "FOUR AGAINST ONE IS LONG ODDS!" HE DRAWLED. "WILL YOU ALL SHOOT ME AT ONCE, OR WILL YOU TRY IT ONE AT A TIME?"

But Arizona Jake's gang were not to be put down so easily.

Instantly the revolvers began to crack and the glasses to fly, and before Harry realized what a storm he had started it was at its full height.

Harry fired several shots and the gamblers and toughs began popping away at each other, while the bartenders sent a shower of tumblers whirling at the heads of those who had intruded into the room.

Several fell wounded, and there may have been some killed for all Harry could tell.

Suddenly the boy felt a stinging sensation in the left shoulder.

A bullet had just grazed him. He felt faint and sick, for he thought then that he had met his death.

By this time the uproar was tremendous. Dyball's patrons had been waiting for months to get a good chance at Jake's gang, which had invaded the gambling saloon more than once.

It was a free fight all around, and right in the midst of it some one pulled Harry off the table and hustled him out into the street.

Our hero's head was swimming, and it was not until he was fairly out of the place that he realized that he was in the hands of a young man but a little older than himself.

He was comfortably dressed in the style of the country, and had a bright, intelligent face, but it needed only one glance on Harry's part to see that he was fresh from the East.

"You are wounded!" he said. "You want to look out for yourself. They are after you red hot, and they mean to kill you. Come with me."

"No," replied Harry, "I can't. I've got work to do. I'm not much hurt, I guess."

"You must come! There isn't a minute to be lost. Ah! Here they are now!"

Two toughs burst out of Dyball's. They were two of the gang who had worked their way clean through the saloon.

young man supporting Harry, who began to show signs of fainting.

"Listen to me!" he whispered. "You're as good as dead if you don't give those fellows the slip. Know who that fellow is? Well he's Dick Dowling, Arizona Jake's partner. He'll show you no mercy, but I think I can help you to escape."

"I was thinking," gasped Harry, "that if we could only get through to the alley we might capture a couple of their horses. I don't believe they are guarding them. I know it's rather cheeky, but—"

"Great Scott! Why, it's the very scheme I was about to propose," laughed the young man. "You must be a mind reader. Come on! Come on!"

They ran through the dark hall to its end, where there was a door leading out into the alley which was fastened, but they easily opened it and pressed out.

They were now two doors below Dyball's and the horses were right before them.

Shots, loud shouts and wild yells rang out in the gambling room.

The fight was on worse than ever, for Jake's gang would never rest now until they had cleaned out the place and laid their hands upon all the money there was to be had.

But the wisdom of Harry's scheme was apparent, for the horses were unguarded. Quick as thought Harry sprang upon the back of one and the young man lost no time in getting on another.

"Let her go!" cried Harry, and away they dashed up the alley, around the corner into Main street, and so on up the hill to Rocky Run, when Harry pulled in and came alongside his companion.

"Can you jump a break of fifteen feet or so?" he panted.

"I'm blest if I know. I'm not much on horseback. Why do you ask?"

"We've got to do it if we go this way."

"Isn't this the way to the North Star mine?"

"Yes."

"There used to be a bridge?"

you hadn't interfered and hustled me out more than likely I would have lost my life too."

"I'll do whatever you say. I'm no horse-back rider, and I might as well commit suicide at once as to try to jump that break."

Harry reined in. "Jump up here behind me," he cried. "This horse is a bully one. He can jump with two. Quick now! There isn't an instant to be lost!"

The young man obeyed.

His face was as white as a sheet as Harry saw it there in the moonlight.

"You're afraid?" he said.

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"Don't be. I am not. Something tells me that we are going to come out of this all right."

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The words were scarcely uttered when three shots rang out behind them.

Harry looked back and saw half a dozen mounted men coming along the canyon in full pursuit.

They shouted something which he could not understand, and fired again, but the shots must have fallen short of the boys, for Harry could not hear the "zip" of the bullets as they dashed on.

Again and again the brave boy dug his heels into his horse's flanks.

"Up! Up! Up, boy! Up!" he shouted, as they flew forward.

"I shall fall off!" gasped the young man.

"I'm slipping now."

"No, you're not! Throw your arms around me and hold on! Now shut your eyes! Here we go!"

The break was right ahead now.

Harry yelled like a young Indian, thus firing the horse up to the task he had to perform.

The tough little mustag responded nobly, clearing the break with three feet to spare.

"That's the talk!" cried Harry, and then instead of keeping on he whirled the mustag around and brought him to a stand.

(Continued on page 11.)

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

Across the Continent on Cheek;

OR,

Tommy Bounce and His Funny Adventures.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "Harry Hawser," "Bob and His Uncle Dick," "Uncle Jake," "Smart and Sharp," "Goliah," "The Last Bounce," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tommy did not wait for a full comprehension of the situation to dawn upon the perception of that sable servitor. Time was precious.

While yet the man was taking in the real state of the case Tommy and Jim lost themselves in the crowd leaving the station.

Cheyenne is a very important point on

Tommy was still ahead of the complete story, however, and it behooved him to stay there.

Once it caught up with him he might have trouble in making his way, as everybody would be onto him.

Mr. Bounce heard of it through Mr. Grimes.

"Heard anything from Tommy?" he asked, on one of his periodical visits.

"No."



BILL FIRED POINT BLANK AT JIM'S HIGH HAT. IT DIDN'T SHAKE, ALTHOUGH JIM DID, VERY MUCH. THERE WAS NO FLYING OF FUR, NO SCATTERING OF LININGS, NO DISTURBANCE OF THE DICER. TOMMY SAT IN HIS OLD CARELESS ATTITUDE ON THE PLATFORM AND SEEMED RATHER BORED THAN OTHERWISE.

the road and there were many arrivals and departures by that particular train.

Tommy wasted no time, either, in letting himself be swallowed up in the multitude.

Finally the man comprehended. "He ain't got no money 'tall, he ain't got a t'ousan' dollahs, he ain't got one!"

Porters and waiters had read disaster to their hopes on the man's face before this.

Now they rushed up to learn the dreadful particulars.

"Was de bill bad?"

"Didn't he habe nuffin'?"

"Wha' yo' givin' an' anyhow?"

"I ain't givin' yo' nuffin' an' he didn't give me nuffin'. I ain't got nuffin' ter give an' neider am him, he ain't got no t'ousan' dollah bill no mo'n I habe."

"B-b-but wh-wh-why didn't yo' take his small bills?" asked an excited porter.

All the others wanted fool questions answered.

And all the while the time was slipping away and so was Tommy.

By the time the facts in the case were communicated to the cashier and it was suggested that some one go in search of the cheeky young fellow and the big coon, it was too late.

Tommy and Jim had got on a street car, worked the big bill racket till they had traveled a half mile or so and were then put off.

By that time there was no chance of finding them, and, as they kept on the move, the chances diminished as the time went by.

The affair of the pass got in the papers, the superintendent thinking it was too good to keep.

Then the story was supplemented by that of the pass being used on a Pullman instead of an ordinary day coach.

Next the episode of the thousand dollar note was tacked on to the first story.

After that the chain was completed by the recital of the terms of the bet between Mr. Bounce and Mr. Grimes.

"I have," and he chuckled.

Bounce did not ask him what it was and he had to tell.

"Oh, I knew Tommy would get there," said Bounce. "I'm not worrying about him in the least."

"Well, it was pretty clever to be sure, but he won't get through, now that the papers have got hold of it."

"Oh, I don't know. I've heard of fellows that were too smart for the papers before now."

"Tommy won't get through, all the same. He's got a long way to go yet."

"Want to increase the bet?" asked Bounce, with a chuckle.

"No—no," said Grimes, hesitatingly. "I don't want to rob you."

"You needn't be afraid of that, Grimes," and Mr. Bounce laughed till he got red in the face.

"My man hasn't seen Tommy lately and he thinks he's got lost in the shuffle," said Mr. Grimes at length.

"Well, he'll come out on top of the pack and he'll prove a joker," retorted Bounce. "Don't you be afraid of Tommy. He's all right."

Tommy was all right, though he had been having some funny experiences. I'll tell you about them.

Leaving Cheyenne he started across Wyoming, with Jim in tow, of course.

The State of Wyoming does not afford many attractions to the pedestrian.

The towns are not very close together, the land is none too fertile and the landscape does not appeal to the artistic eye.

There are plains and plains, bare mountains and wide stretches of level country, mostly covered by sage brush, scrub and very few trees.

Tommy presently saw that it would not suit to do much walking through such a country.

In fact, he wasn't doing any more walking than he could help on that trip, no matter how the country happened to be.

Another objection to walking was that

they were liable to have cold weather at any time now and when Wyoming gets cold it does so for fair.

They cheeked a ride or two and were then fired off between towns in a very unpromising part of the country.

They hadn't been careful in firing Jim off, by the way.

His silk hat was badly dented and his long tail coat was split up the back.

Then they started to walk.

It was dry and dusty and most uninteresting.

Before many miles had been put behind them Tommy's neat dark suit was white.

When they finally struck a town they were both of them sights.

Tommy's shoes were badly broken from tramping over the stones and his hat was bent from being pulled down to keep it from blowing away.

Jim's high hat looked more white than black, while his shirt was the other way.

The two tramps sat down on the board platform in front of a general store to get their wind.

There was a Black Hills Bill sort of chap with a broad-brimmed hat, coarse blue shirt and big boots sitting on a packing box whittling a chunk from a plug of tobacco.

There was a noble red man of a thieving, whisky drinking Indian holding one of the posts and wondering where he could get more fire water.

There were a couple of wandering Willies of cowboys sitting on the stoop playing cards with a very greasy pack, and there were a few others.

"Tenderfeet, hey?" said the tobacco whittler.

"No they ain't; they're tough," said Tommy. "Got to be, traveling through this country. Say, pard, who's the king pin of this ranch?"

"Wall, I reckon I be, young 'un. Leastwise, I'm the best shot."

and, having whittled off a suitable hunk from the plug, Black Hills Bill put it in his mouth.

"Well, I didn't mean that," said Tommy, moving a little closer toward Bill. "What I wanted to know was who runs this roost? This is a hotel, ain't it?"

"Yas, I reckon it is, store, hotel, school house and everything, sometimes the opera house."

"You don't say?" echoed Tommy, moving up still closer to Bill. "Well, I'm looking for a place to stop at, me and Jim."

"Oh, you can stop, fast enough," laughed Bill. "Most tenderfeet what come here do stop for a long time. Some of 'em ain't gone yet and it's nigh on to ten year since they come."

"Haw-haw! they're likely to stop ten years longer, 'less the buryin' ground is moved," laughed one of the crowd.

"Shoot 'em, do you?" said Tommy, carelessly. "Why, you can't shoot for a cent."

"I can't?" yelled Bill, whipping out his gun. "Throw up yer hands!"

"Not this evening," said Tommy. "I haven't got a red cent."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"An' yer want ter stop to this hotel?"

"Yes, and I'm going to. I said you couldn't shoot, didn't I?"

"Yas, yer did, an' I don't allow no tenderfoot ter tell me that."

"Look here, Bill or Charlie or Jake or whatever name you take here—of course you had a different one in the States—if you can't shoot, the coon and I stop at this hotel. If you can, we get out."

"Then I think I see yer pullin' up stakes an' lightin' out."

"Perhaps," said Tommy, quietly. "Jim Gloom!"

"Yas't," said Jim, getting up in a good deal of a hurry.

"Stand out there about forty feet and let this gentleman shoot holes through your dicer."

Jim turned whiter than ever the dust had made him.

His teeth chattered and his knees shook as he remarked:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Marse Tommy, yo' didn't drag me way o't yer ter get me muddahed, did yo'?"

"You ain't going to be murdered, Jim," said Tommy. "You ain't going to be hit even. The gentleman will try and hit your hat, if he can. I say he can't."

"I'll go yer, young feller," said Black Hills Bill, "and I'll put up money on it, too."

"Do I come in on this, pard?" asked one of the cowboys. "I'd like ter make a stake, too."

"Oh, no, you can shoot," said Tommy, carelessly. "Bill here can't. Take off your hat, James, and let the gentleman examine it to see that there is no deception. You perceive there are no holes in it, William?"

"Nary a hole, but I'll make a porous plaster of it inside ten seconds after I begin firing."

"I'm saying you can't hit it once out of six shots," said Tommy, with a sweet smile. "Stand out there, Jim."

Jim didn't want to.

"Bu-bu-but, Marse T-T-Tommy, ef de ge-ge-gen'an cyan't h-h-hit de hat, he's gwine ter hi-hi-hit me fo' shuah," stammered Jim.

"No he ain't," laughed Tommy. "You go out there. Mind, now, Willie, you're only to shoot the hat, that is, try to do it."

"All right, pardner, but you're up agin a dead cert'nty, you air."

"Yes, I know it, that you won't hit it," laughed Tommy. "Go on, Jim. What are you scared of? The gentleman can't hit a flock of barns."

Jim walked out upon the road very reluctantly.

"Stop where you are. That near enough, Bill?"

"That's all right."

"Let her go!"

Even the besotted Indian showed a certain interest in the proceedings.

The others had got up and were watching the match with the greatest eagerness.

Bang!

Bill fired point blank at Jim's high hat. It didn't shake, although Jim did, very much.

Bang!

Once more the best shot in the Black Hills fired his gun.

There was no flying of fur, no scattering of linings, no disturbance of the dicer.

Tommy sat in his old careless attitude on the platform and seemed rather bored than otherwise.

The habitudes of the place were thunderstruck.

"Pears ter me you ain't doin' nuthin', Bill."

"Don't see no fur flyin', nor nuthin', pardner."

"Mebby yew shot through so clean that it ain't disturbed none."

"Go on, Bill, yew want ter dew better'n thet or th' young feller'll beat yer."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bill fired his last three shots in quick succession.

Jim Gloom winked, shivered and then started to run.

The three shots together were too much for him.

"Come back here, Jim," called Tommy, and Jim obeyed.

"Take off your hat and let the gentleman look at it."

"Well, I swan!" said Black Hills Bill, as he took the hat and found never a puncture in its somewhat rumpled surface.

The cowboys and others and even the Indian examined the hat.

"Ugh! Heap much bad shot!"

"Well, ef that ain't too cute!"

"What's the matter with yer, Bill?"

"Durned ef I could ha' believed it."

"Huh! I ain't askeered o' yo', mistah."

"Well, how about you, Bill?"

The star shooter was amazed.

He just couldn't believe that his hand had lost its cunning like that.

He opened his gun and dropped out six empty shells.

That was all right.

"I thought mebbe 'twasn't loaded," he muttered. "Wall, young feller, yer kin stay yer, but I'd like ter try another six shots."

"Not on your life," laughed Tommy. "It was just for the first six."

Bill reloaded and Tommy added.

"It isn't really your fault, Bill. I hoodooed those bullets of yours. Do you want me to get 'em for you? They're up in the air."

"Get 'em fur me?" gasped Bill. "Why, I reckon them bullets have gone so fur off you couldn't catch 'em ef you run all day."

"Oh, no," said Tommy, carelessly, as he got up. "I'll call them back to you."

He stepped down from the stoop and began walking slowly toward the road and whistling, looking up at the sky.

Then he made three or four swift passes through the air and shouted to Bill:

"Here you go, catch 'em!"

What Bill caught was six good-sized bullets.

"Wall, I'll be blowed!" he said.

Then he suddenly turned on Jim Gloom and let drive.

Bang, bang, bang, six bangs in all, in a third as many seconds.
Away flew Jim's hat and away flew Jim himself, while all hands roared with laughter.
"Yu didn't hoodoo them bullets, durned ef you did," said Bill.
Somebody picked up Jim's hat.
It was riddled.
Not a bullet had touched Jim's head, either.

"There!" said Bill, in a tone of great relief. "Reckon I can shoot after all."
"Certainly," said Tommy, "but you couldn't when I hoodooed your bullets, just as I said you couldn't. We stop here, I guess; that is, if Jim comes back."
Jim did come back at length, when he found that he wasn't hurt.

"Say, mistah man, I is a-skeered ob yo' now," he said.

"That's all right," said Bill. "I just wanted ter see if I'd lost the knack o' hittin' things altogether."

"We stay here just the same," said Tommy.

"Yes, you stay, but I'm durned ef I wouldn't like ter know how you done that trick."

Tommy wasn't telling and yet it was very easy.

He had simply got Bill interested, removed his gun from his belt, taken out the cartridges, bitten off the business ends and put back the useless shells.

The thing was to keep Bill interested while he was doing it, that was all.

The man could not keep his mind on more than one thing at a time and while Tommy had him talking about the hotel he forgot all about his gun.

Well, Tommy and Jim stayed at Bill's hotel and fared well.

It was all in the line of cheek and no one could object, not even the man set to watch Tommy, and he happened along that way.

Tommy didn't know him, but he concluded he'd been long enough in the place and when a train came along he boarded it.

"I reckon this is part of the game, ain't it, Bill? You pay my railroad expenses, don't you?"

"Reckon I do," laughed Bill, "purvidin' you tell me how yer done that trick with them bullets."

Tommy told him.

Not until the train was moving, however.

Then it was too late to rescind his order to the conductor to let Tommy and Jim ride free.

They rode a hundred miles or more and then had to get out.

That train did not go any further, that was the reason.

They were not out of Wyoming yet and the country had not improved any.

It was a little more mountainous, and a heap more desolate and walking did not appeal to one's fancy very much.

Tommy did a little of it and got tired very soon.

Then he tried hooking rides again and got bounced.

He and Jim walked about ten miles to the rockiest town you ever saw.

Tommy walked boldly up to the proprietor and said he was going to stop there.

The proprietor allowed that he could, but made a mental reservation that he would have to show his boodle before he was there very long.

The two travelers occupied one room with two beds in it.

There were very thin partitions on either side of it also.

In fact they were little more than coarse cloth and wall paper.

At all events one could hear what was said in the next room without any trouble.

Jim and Tommy had a good supper and went to bed.

"I say, Jim, we want to get out of this place quick," said Tommy from his bed.

"Am dat so, Marse Tommy?" answered Jim from his.

"Sure, and yet I don't know whether we'd better go to Ogden or not. You remember we held up a man there."

"Did we, Marse Tommy?" asked Jim, in surprise.

"To be sure we did, and there's a reward offered for us for that stage coach robbery."

"What am yo' talkin' abot, Marse Tommy," asked Jim, to whom this was most inexplicable.

"Didn't you hear about it, Jim?"

"No, sah."

"Nor that you were wanted for putting a hole through Rocky Mountain Pete? Why, that ought to be worth a thousand dollars to some one."

"Yes, I guess it would," said Jim.

He was getting sleepy and didn't see the use of answering such crazy remarks as that.

"Yes, and you know there's another big reward for killing Slabsided Sam. If they knew that Tough Tommy and Jawbreaker Jim were here they'd just jump at the chance of getting those rewards."

"Reckon dey would," said Jim.

"That's why I think we'd better get away before they get on to us. You know our pictures and descriptions have been published everywhere."

"Sure dey have," said Jim, and after that he wouldn't answer another word.

Tommy slept all right and didn't wake up till morning.

Then he got up and dressed himself leisurely, making as much noise as he conveniently could.

After a time there came a knock on the door.

"Who's that?"

"Open in the name of the law," said a gruff voice.

"Oh, blow the law!" said Tommy. "If you want me, come and get me."

Then the door was burst open.

It was not even locked.

"You are my prisoner," said the leader of a gang of six strongly armed men.

"Make the least effort to escape and you're a dead man."

"Don't shoot him, Zeke," whispered one of the gang. "The reward is fur him alive, not dead."

"Ha-ha, discovered at last!" cried Tommy, striking a melodramatic attitude.

"Come on, ye minions of the law. Tough Tommy defies ye all, ha-ha!"

Half an hour later Tommy and Jim were riding on a railroad train under a strong guard.

Tommy's little racket was succeeding finely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Happy Days" is offering Ten \$500 Pianos to its readers. Are you trying for one?

In Love.

By "ED."

Were you ever in love, boys? Dead mashed and gone completely on some sweet little lamb, just as pretty as a picture—no tea-store chromo, but one of the old masters?

It's nice, ain't it?

Till you get so bad that you can't sleep for thinking of her, that you spend all of your time contriving to accidentally meet her, and appear most suspiciously surprised when you do; when you waste your spare change onto her horrible brother, and treat him like a lord, so that he may possibly ask you into his yard to help to kill the cat, and then you may see her.

I know how it is.

I was there mit mineself.

I fell up to my ears in love with a fairy little blossom.

Her name it was Hannah, she played on the pianer, and sang "Eileen Alanna," in a terrible manner.

But for all that I wished at times that her name had been Maude Angelina Vere de Vere, or Clarissa Rosalie Montgomery.

It seemed hard to associate any romance with Hannah. The name, somehow, suggested at once a picture of a big, lop-sided, red-headed slouch of a girl, sitting on top of a busted stool eating pie with a knife.

Besides, it appeared funny to ask "Hannah, birdie, say you love me!" It would be a deuced sight more appropriate to yell: "Hannah, old turnip-top, have a plate of hash."

But love forgets these trifles.

Probably Henry the Eighth would have loved his fair Rosamond just as much if she had been named Sarah Jane.

(You see you're getting history and everything else in this sketch—no advance in price, either.)

My particular Hannah had a back-strap to her name. It was Brown.

Contrary to the usual course of things, Old Brown didn't lay behind doors with a club and wait fire out of anybody who called upon his daughter.

Maybe old Brown was willing to, but circumstances prevented him.

He was dead.

And Mrs. Brown was so afraid that his old nibbs might show up again that she put him inside of a fire-proof coffin and anchored him down with a big marble monument.

But Hannah had a brother.

One of those nice, sweet boys, who always behave so like young devils that you ache to take them down to the dock and push them overboard.

He thought a good deal of me; called me "Skinny," and "Earsy," an "Skeleton Jack," and used to make most diabolical faces at me in church.

Hannah, though, was kinder.

I had a general reputation of being a bad nut—a young desperado who smoked real cigars—had been heard to say "damn," and much preferred to go swimming than to Sunday-school.

As a natural result, Hannah, being a nice, good girl herself, admired me.

At last she asked me to call at her house some night.

I went the very next.

I had spent four hours over my toilet; put on and put off eighteen collars, and at last went out with a firm conviction that I had never looked so God-forsaken and utterly horrible in my life.

I reached her house.

I walked around it six times before I got courage enough to go in.

By some remarkable nerve-power I rang the bell.

A female dragon, with a scornful nose, and a pronounced odor of boiled cabbage lingering about her, came to the door.

"What do yez want?" she asked.

"Is Miss Hannah at home?" I asked.

"Yis—yer card."

I was sure I had one somewhere. In my haste I pulled out a pawn ticket, a restaurant check and the queen of hearts.

The dragon gazed at me fiendishly, and her nose got more scornful.

Finally I handed her a card in desperation.

She handed it back with a grin.

It read:

SOLOMON ISAACS,
American tailor. All wool pants, 75 cents.

"Tell her 'Ed' is downstairs," I gasped, feeling as if I wanted to die.

The dragon went off with a sniff, and I groped my way into the parlor.

I sat down upon a piano, a group of statuary, a spittoon and a case of wax flowers before I found a chair.

When I did find one I was so surprised that I missed it and sat down upon the floor.

Just as I was arising Hannah came in. From her surprised look I half imagined that she suspected me of having been practicing for the circus.

"Won't you let me put your hat into the rack?" she said, as she saw me grasping onto my hat as if it was the only friend I had on earth.

I stammered a faint "No," put my hat on the sofa and sat down upon it the next moment to my great consternation.

For the first time I realized what an awful thing it was to be alone in a room with a strange girl.

She said it was a nice day.

I managed to reply "Yes." If she had said it was thundering and lightning I would have made the same original remark.

At that period I chewed tobacco. I don't know why I did it. I did not like it; it made me sick. But still I chewed it, probably because it was like a man.

Just before coming into the house I had taken a big chew.

And I wanted to spit.

I did not dare spit before Hannah, for she said she hated tobacco-chewing.

My mouth was gradually getting full.

I began to pray for a fire or for Hannah's mother to have fits, or for anything to give me an opportunity to spit unnoticed.

None came.

Meanwhile Hannah got affectionate. I guess she was a little gone upon my shape just about that time.

She sidled up to me.

"Bill Jones kissed me the other day at school," she said.

I grew pale.

Suppose that she would want to kiss me? She would be apt to get an unexpected shower of tobacco juice.

"Do you ever kiss?" she asked shyly.

I mumbled that I never did. Except my mother and a venerable maiden aunt whose age nobody knew, and who was credited by family tradition to have intimately known Noah.

At least I tried to say so—but I am afraid I only uttered a few inarticulate sounds.

"What makes you talk so funny?" she interrogated.

I did not say.

"What makes your mouth so big?"

"The mumps," I gasped, feeling as if there was going to be a flood at any instant.

"Won't you please sing?"

I would have given fifty cents to have had the sofa blown up. Me sing! Now if she had only asked me to show how a waterspout worked I could have obliged.

"Ger-ger-woor-ger-woor," I remarked, meaning that I wanted to go home. I felt as if I had the whole Pacific Ocean in my mouth.

"You talk awfully funny," sympathizingly she remarked. "Your cheeks are awful red."

Probably she spoke the truth.

Why didn't some of my folks die so that they would send for me?

Poor innocent Hannah did not know how I was suffering.

She thought I was bashful.

"Let me feel your cheeks?" she asked.

She did.

Real hard.

It broke the aqueduct.

For a second I didn't know whether she was drowned or not.

She started back in a sort of paralysis, and I grabbed my hat.

Whether I went out by the window or the door, or through the wall, I don't remember.

Anyhow, Hannah and I are out.

We have not spoken since.

But still it's nice to be in love.

I think so now when I clasp my darling's fairy form close to my own and press a kiss upon her cherry lips.

It is needless to remark that her name is not Hannah.

It is—

Keep it dark! Her brother carries a club.

Young Frank Reade AND HIS ELECTRIC AIRSHIP.

(Continued from page 7.)

vealed. Against the wall reclined a figure, the like of which none in the party had ever seen.

It was the figure of a man, tall and gaunt and half naked, with robes of worn skins about him. His hair and beard trailed half to his feet and were white as driven snow.

Haggard, hollow-eyed and ghastly pale he looked in the glare of the electric light. In his hand he carried a heavy club. He was to all appearance what might have passed for a single living and sole surviving representative of the extinct race of men who had once inhabited this region and worked these mines.

Startled, he had leaped up from his position on the cavern floor and stood glaring in a frightened manner at the invaders. One instant they were face to face. Then the cave-dweller, with a hoarse, gurgling cry, turned and fled.

Kate and Grace, with little screams of terror, had clung to each other. Frank and Larry stood stupefied.

"Howly smoke!" gasped Larry. "Phwat iver do yez call that? Shure it was no banshee."

"Whew!" exclaimed Frank. "That beats me. A man in this place? What can he live on and what sort of a creature is he?"

It was useless to attempt pursuit, for the girls could not go faster than they were, and it would not be safe to leave them alone. But the presence of the strange cave-dweller seemed to prove one important fact.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO THE AIRSHIP.

This was that they were somewhere near an outlet. It was hardly likely that the mysterious man found subsistence in the mine alone. It was only his place of refuge.

So after some curious discussion the little party again pushed on with renewed hopes. These were soon happily realized. Suddenly a glimmer of light was seen ahead.

Kate and Grace gave a simultaneous cry of joy. Larry turned a handspring from excess of delight and Young Frank Reade felt a great load lifted from his mind.

In a short while the outlet to the cavern was reached. It was just under the overhanging bluff by the river and the water came almost up to the mine entrance.

It was a relief indeed to the imprisoned travelers to emerge once more into the light of day. For a time it was overpowering and it took some time for them to get used to it.

Frank and Larry at once climbed the bluff and took a look about the country. They saw the same rolling plain, but no sign of the airship.

Far to the north were the snow-clad hills, white and gleaming. Frank saw that they must have traveled a number of miles underground.

Of course it was their first purpose to, if possible, find the airship and Scipio. With this purpose in view they set out across the plain.

It was slow progress, but suddenly, in the distance, Frank saw an object which gave him a thrilled start. He easily recognized it as one of the rotoscopes of the airship.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "There is the Polar Star, and—heigho! there is Scipio."

The short figure of the comical little negro was seen running toward them over the plain. He had seen them and was waving his arms with wild delight.

In a few moments he had come up and once more the party was united. The effect can hardly be described.

It was a moment of joy for all. To Scipio it was as if his friends had come back from the grave.

"Massy Lordy, Marse Frank!" he cried. "I jes' done gibbed yo' up entirely. I neber fo't yo' wud eber cum back."

"But—the airship—"

"Hi, hi! dat am a' right!" cried Scipio. "I jes' got on bo'd in de dark an' I gib dat rapscallion a thump on de head an' now he am bound hand an' foot an' am lyin' in de hold ob de airship."

"Whurroo!" cried Larry. "Yez are a howly terror, naygur! Shure I cudn't have done better meself."

"Golly! I reckon he was jes' de maddest critter yo' eber seed when he cum too," cried the dorky.

"Scip, old boy," cried Young Frank Reade, with deep feeling. "You are a hero and no mistake. You have done well."

Kate and Grace expressed their thanks and the former cried in her jolly way:

"But I hope you have something on board good to eat, Scipio. We are two very hungry girls."

"Indeed, we are," affirmed Grace.

"Well, I could eat a bit myself," declared Frank. "Let us go on."

In a few moments they reached the airship. Scipio hustled to set the table and Frank and Larry at once went down to see Snyder.

The villain was enveloped in ropes and

so securely bound that escape could not have been possible. Frank kindly relaxed them a bit and said:

"Well, Snyder, you didn't make your game work, did you?"

"I don't know about that," growled the crank. "I came north aboard the Polar Star in spite of your refusal."

"What was your purpose?"

"You refused me. I meant to show you that I could beat you."

Frank looked hard at the villain.

"Now, Snyder," he said, coolly, "you know better than that. You are the tool of others, and your purpose was to see that the Polar Star should never reach Alaska."

"Humph!" sneered the villain. "It did reach Alaska and I was on board and could have destroyed the airship and killed you all at any time if I had chosen."

"Admit that that was what you were first employed to do."

The fellow looked searchingly at the young inventor. Then he smiled mockingly:

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"All right," said Frank, quietly. "That was your purpose just the same. I am assured of it. You were employed by Sam Lester and his father to see that no successor should reach the missing man, Harvey Ellis. It was intended that Ellis should locate the secret mines of the Forsaken Land for the syndicate. Ellis claimed a half interest. It was intended to murder him and defraud him of this interest so that the Lesters might secure the whole. Also this would beggar the Ellis family, and it was believed that Grace would gladly accept the suit of Sam Lester, which she once refused, now that her fortunes were in a decline. It staggered the Lesters when I proposed to go in quest of Mr. Ellis with my airship. They employed you to destroy the airship. You failed. Next, in some way unknown to me, you got on board. You had hoped to destroy the airship and annihilate all of us, but Grace, whom you were to hold a prisoner in Alaska until the Lesters and their gang should arrive. This is the whole dastardly scheme. You cannot deny it."

Snyder's pale face became drawn and pinched. He cowered before the stern gaze of Young Frank Reade.

"That is your story," he sneered.

"It is a true story," declared Frank.

"Now, for this villainy I ought to throw you into the Yukon River. I shall certainly deliver you up to justice."

"In Alaska."

"No. I shall take you back home with me. There is law there which will be visited upon you and your friends, the Lesters. You can earn your liberty, however, if you will tell me if Mr. Ellis is alive and where to find him?"

Snyder showed his teeth like a wolf.

"Never!" he gritted. "If I ever get the chance again I'll strangle all of you."

There was something so demonic in the villain's tone that Frank shivered. But he arose and said:

"We shall take very good care that you do not get that chance."

After a hearty meal the voyagers all felt better. Frank examined the machinery and found that Snyder, in trying to operate the keyboard, had disarranged the connections and this explained his non-success in navigating the airship.

It was necessary to do some repairing and this would require some time. Frank went to work at it at once. He was thus engaged when a cry from the deck brought him to his feet.

It was a cry of alarm from Scipio.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Next Week! "The Boy Mayor; or, Building Up A Town." By Frank Forrest.

The Boss of the Camp.

(Continued from page 8.)

"Are you mad!" gasped the young man.

"Go on! Go on!"

"Not much!" cried Harry. "The break won't stop those fellows, but I will. I'm not afraid!"

He whipped out his revolver and fired low.

The foremost of the gang was just about to make the leap, but Harry's bullet put an end to all that, for it took the horse between the eyes and the animal dropped dead upon the trail, throwing his rider clean over his head.

This brought all behind to a dead halt, of course.

A whirl of bullets came flying across Badger canyon and the language used was awful to listen to.

But Harry, finding that they had escaped the bullets, cared little for the savage oaths of the outlaws.

Wheeling the mustang around once more he went dashing up the canyon and had soon vanished around a turn in the cliffs.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEAD MAN ON THE FLOOR.

"By thunder, that's great! You're the bravest fellow I ever struck!" gasped the young man as soon as he could find speech.

"Well, it had to be done," replied Harry, coolly. "I don't know as I'm any braver than the next. All there is about it, I didn't have time to be afraid."

"Will they follow us, you think, after the dose you gave them?"

"Sure! We've got a good start, though. We ought to be able to reach the North Star ahead of them now."

"You are heading for the North Star, then?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I've got business there."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No, I'm sure I don't. I'd like to, though."

"My name is Rob Rollins. My father is the principal owner in the North Star."

"Hello! You've been there before, then?"

"Yes, a year ago. Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm just nobody," replied Harry. "I'm only a tramp if you have a mind to call me so."

"But you've got a name, I suppose?"

"Yes, and it's about all I have got. Harry Holloway is my name. I'm supposed to live in Hangtown, Arizona, when I'm home."

"What takes you to the North Star, then? I want to go there myself, but I don't—"

"You don't see why I should. Well, I'll tell you, but don't think that I mean to hitch on to you, for I'm not that sort of fellow at all. I just want to finish my job and then I'm ready to go on the tramp again."

"We'll see about that. If there is anything I can do for you—"

"That's all right. We stand even and I won't put myself under obligations to any man. Mr. Martin, the superintendent, sent me over to Wicksburg to find out when Arizona Jake's gang meant to attack the mine. I've done all I could, and I think I shall be safe in reporting that they mean to make the attack to-night. As soon as I've told him and got my pay, I shall go about my business—that's all."

"Well, we'll see about that. I say," replied Rob. "Father sent me out here to study practical mining under Mr. Martin's direction, but from what I heard in Wicksburg this afternoon I'm afraid I've come at rather a bad time."

"You bet you have. I suppose you know that all the men have quit work on account of this gang. They're afraid to stay there, and I don't wonder, for Arizona Jake has sworn to kill Mr. Martin and clean out the mine. If we can only get there in time to give him warning that's all I ask."

While they talked the boys kept the mustang going at full speed, and it was not a great while before Harry became aware that they were rapidly approaching the North Star.

"Strange we don't hear anything of those fellows behind us," he remarked. "It can't be possible that they've given it up and gone back."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Rob; "but there's one thing that is weighing on my mind."

"What's that?"

"I can't understand why, after Arizona Jake showed the gang that you were his friend; they should attack you—that's what's puzzling me."

"And do you know it has puzzled me a good deal, too," replied Harry. "It looks to me as though that gang were not pulling together quite as much as people suppose. What do you think?"

"Just the same."

"Another case of our thinking alike. Jake told me to wait there in the card room till he came back, and the other fellows tried to make me disobey him. Why was that?"

"Why was it that fellow turned on Jake and tried to kill him? It was one of his own men, wasn't it?"

"It certainly looked so. He came out of the gin mill with him and as soon as I took a stand against Jake he jumped in with me. There isn't the least doubt that he meant to kill him then; the other fellow seemed to be in it, too, for as soon as Jake shot the man he turned and ran away."

"Yes, and as soon as you took a stand against them those fellows were ready to kill you. There's something wrong about the politics of that gang, you may rest assured."

It was impossible to describe how much Harry enjoyed this chat with his new friend.

Our hero was bright and intelligent, although brought up in a rough school.

All his life he had associated with boys of the toughest description without taking upon himself any of their toughness, for Harry's father had been born a gentleman's son, and was a highly educated man in spite of the misfortunes which before his death brought him down to the level of a common miner, and he tried to bring up his son in the same way.

Thus the boy, feeling himself to be superior to his associates, had led rather a lonely life.

Never before had he found a companion to whom he could talk freely. No wonder then that Harry took to him. He thought as they were riding into the mine yard that Rob was just the nicest fellow he had ever met in his life.

There was a light burning in the window

of Mr. Martin's office, but as Harry urged his horse toward the door it was suddenly extinguished.

"That's queer!" exclaimed Bob. "Whoever was inside there must have heard us coming. I don't understand why that light was put out."

"Why, it can't be anybody but Mr. Martin, unless some one has joined him since I left," replied Harry. "He was all alone in the mine then."

"Is there any way of getting in here except by Rocky Run?"

"Why, certainly. You can come in by the Arizona trail—that's the way I came in the first place."

"But can you get on to the Arizona trail from Wicksburg without coming through Rocky Run?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I was never in Wicksburg before to-night. I think likely enough there may be some roundabout way, though. Say, it's a little strange that Mr. Martin don't come out."

Harry had been waiting to see if the superintendent would not put in an appearance, for he felt more worried than he cared to admit over the sudden disappearance of the light.

The big ore house and the three shaft houses loomed up dimly before them in the darkness, and the profound silence which pervaded the place was somewhat reassuring, for if the gang were there, Harry reasoned they would be likely to make themselves heard.

"We've got to find out what this means, Mr. Rollins," said Harry, dropping off the saddle.

"Well, I'm only Rob to you, Harry, and don't you forget it," was the reply. "Whatever danger there is ahead of us we pull together. My father is the biggest owner in this mine, and you may rest assured we won't forget what you have tried to do for the North Star to-night."

"That's all right," said Harry. "Have you got a revolver?"

"Yes."

"Better get it out, then, and don't talk. Depend upon it, there is something wrong here, or Mr. Martin would have been out before this."

Rob drew his revolver while Harry, who already had his out, walked boldly up the steps and tried the office door.

It was locked, and the boy knocked on it with the butt of his revolver.

"Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!" he shouted. "I'm back again! Open the door!"

There was no answer.

Harry and Rob stood listening breathlessly.

"Let's light out!" breathed Rob. "I'm sure there is something wrong here."

"Hark!" whispered Harry. "Don't you hear the horses? Those fellows are coming at last!"

"Blest if you're not right. So much the more reason why we should light out! Let's go now!"

"Not till I know what's going on inside here," said Harry, firmly. "If I can't get in by the door maybe I can by the window."

He went down the steps and tried the sash.

It was not fastened.

Harry threw it up and peered into the office.

It was too dark to see much, but as near as he could make out there was no one inside.

"This thing has got to be settled!" he exclaimed, vaulting in through the window.

To his horror he came down upon the body of a man lying stretched upon the floor, but though he landed good and hard upon it, there was not a sound.

"Oh, Rob! There has been murder done here!" cried Harry, as he sprang aside.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT BOY?

"What is it?" cried Rob. "Harry, they are right upon us! There isn't an instant to lose!"

"I've got to light a match and see what's here!" gasped Harry.

He did so, and to his horror saw that the man he had stepped on was Mr. Martin, lying upon his back dead, with a bullet wound in his forehead.

Harry was so startled that he dropped the match which was immediately extinguished.

"Oh, Rob! It's Mr. Martin! He's been murdered!" he cried, and then before he could utter another word there came a rush behind him, a light flashed and our boy from Arizona found himself struggling in the grasp of two tough-looking citizens, while a third turned a dark lantern upon him, and there were others behind.

"That's the boy Jake caught on to! Hold him!" the man with the lantern cried.

"Bang!" went Rob's revolver through the open window.

The shot flew wild, and Harry struggling to free himself, saw his friend turn and run off into the darkness as fast as his legs could carry him.

At the same instant a dozen or more mounted men came dashing into the mine yard.

It was useless to struggle now.

Harry found himself helpless. It was a

desperate situation, and we would not presume to say that the boy did not feel some sense of fear for his own safety, and yet as far as any outward appearance went he did not show that he was afraid.

The office was soon filled with the outlaws and the electric light being turned on all was as bright as day.

Harry saw that the big iron door at the other end of the room had been blown open, and he could see a great pile of bags inside.

There could be no doubt about the bags being what the outlaws were after, for their value was very great.

With more courage than wisdom, Mr. Martin had remained at the mine to defend them, and the attempt had cost him his life.

"Hold on to that boy!" bawled the man with the lantern. "Then through the window he shouted:

"Catch that other fellow! Don't let him get away," and out he sprang to put his own order into execution apparently.

Just at that moment Harry succeeded in tearing himself free, but he lost his revolver in the struggle; one of the men having snatched it from his hands.

"I give up, gents," he said, coolly. "You don't have to shoot me! I'm only a poor boy!"

There he stood with his back against the wall and four revolvers pointed at him.

Four against one is long odds," he drawled. "Will you all shoot me at once; or will you try it one at a time?"

"Plucky, by gaul!" laughed one of the men. "Say, kid, what's your name?"

"Harry Holloway. What's yours?"

"Don't get fresh. Where are you from?"

"Well, I'm from Wicksburg just now. I belong over in Arizona when I am to home."

"Hain't you the feller what saved Arizona Jake's life in Wicksburg to-night?"

"I believe I am."

"I know he is! That's the boy," said a voice at the window.

There stood Dick Dowling looking into the room.

"T'other one's nobody," he added; "he's got off and we'll let him go, but that feller shot my horse at Badger canyon. He came here to warn Martin—that's him."

"He'll not warn Martin now," replied the other. "You may have a score to settle with him, Dick, but I've got a bigger one."

"That's what you have, Barney," replied Dick, springing in by the window. "Only for 'im your brother would have been here now, and Jake lying as dead in Wicksburg as Martin seems to be here. The boy is your game. Why don't yer do him? If he'd been the death of my brother and I was in your shoes, he wouldn't be standing there grinning like he is now."

"Just so," replied Barney. "Every man knows his neighbor's business better'n his own. It's because he was the death of my brother that I don't shoot him. How deep is the main shaft on the North Star, Dick?"

"Uster be three hundred and twenty-five feet when I worked here," was the reply. "I don't know how deep it is now."

"It's a good fifty feet more at least; that's his grave, Dick Dowling, and he's going down into it alive."

What about Harry's feelings now? Was he afraid?

Perhaps.

Still he did not show it. His voice did not even tremble when he spoke up and said:

"Say, boys, you wouldn't kill a poor fellow like me, would you? How should I know that Arizona Jake meant to turn on his friends?"

"Sound argument that, Barney," sneered Dowling. "If you don't want to do the kid for being the death of your brother leave him to me, and I'll do him for being the death of my horse."

"Open the door," said Barney, fiercely, and he sprang upon Harry and seized him by the throat.

Harry kicked and did his best to defend himself, but Barney slung him around as easily as if he had been a baby.

In a second he had him by the back of the neck and running him out through the door, pushed him on toward the shaft house, which stood over that awful hole in the ground which promised now to be Harry's grave.

Where was Rob?

Harry could see nothing of him as he went flying along, almost taken off his feet by the force with which Barney pushed him over the ground.

The gang followed on laughing and calling out to their friends, who had just come up, and were still in the saddle, to "come on the see the fun."

Was there no hope?

Harry certainly could see none, and yet he never uttered one word or made a single sound to show that he was afraid.

They were close to the shaft house when the door was suddenly flung open and there in the full light of a large lantern which swung suspended from the ceiling, stood Arizona Jake with a rifle in his hand.

"Well, what are you going to do with that boy, Barney?" he asked, deliberately. "Perhaps you don't know that I would have had one of your brother's bullets in my brain now if it hadn't been for him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[This story commenced in No. 262.]

Dick Dareall

The Yankee Boy Spy;

OR,

Young America in the Philippines.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "The White Nine," "Fast Mail Fred," "The Silver Wheel," "Two Boys From Nowhere," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK'S ORIGINAL IDEA.

"I would like to serve my country to the best possible advantage, sir," replied Dick, earnestly; "and if I can best do that by acting as a spy, then I would like to be a spy."

The general eyed Dick keenly. Evidently he was impressed by the earnestness and evident good sense and patriotism of the youth.

"Bravely spoken, my boy!" he said, approvingly. "Funston, I'm glad you brought the boy to me. I believe he is just the person I want for the business."

"I thought so, general. He is only a boy, but that will really be an advantage, as the Filipinos will be less likely to suspect him of being a spy than a man grown."

"Quite true," assented General Lawton. Then, turning to Dick, he asked: "How soon can you be ready to enter upon your work?"

"At any time, sir," was the reply. "Right now, if you wish."

"Spoken like a soldier, eh, Funston? That's the spirit. Ready at an instant's notice to go where duty calls; that is the true soldier's motto. No appeal for delay, no request to be allowed a day or two to get ready. To be always ready is what constitutes a good soldier. You have the right idea, my boy."

"Oh, I think you will find him all right, general," said Funston. "I'll leave him with you and go and enter the fact of his having been detailed for service as a spy upon the rolls."

Then, turning to Dick, Colonel Funston held out his hand, which Dick grasped.

"Good by," the colonel said, feelingly. "You are going upon dangerous service, Dareall. Be brave, but prudent; be honest and conscientious in the performance of your duty and remember that you are working in the interests of your country, the best country the sun shines upon, and that upon your success in gaining inside information of the intentions of our enemies depends to a considerable extent the success of our armies; remember, too, that this knowledge, gotten to the general here in time, may perchance save our armies, or portions of it, from running into ambush, may save the lives of hundreds of our brave boys. Remember all these things, Dick, and I am confident the remembrance will spur you on to do good work."

Dick's eyes glowed as he looked in the face of the little colonel.

"I'll remember," he said, earnestly. "I'll do my best, first, last and all the time for our country and flag."

"Good. I believe you will, my boy. Good by, and God bless you."

"Good by, sir,"

Funston quickly departed and Dick turned and faced General Lawton.

"That was good advice Colonel Funston gave you," the general said, quietly.

"I think so myself, sir," assented Dick. The general pointed to a camp stool.

"Sit down," he said. "I wish to have a talk with you."

Dick obeyed and then General Lawton looked the boy over searchingly.

"Have you any idea regarding the work you are about to be called upon to do, my boy?" he asked.

"Only in a general way, sir. I know about what is expected of a spy, have some knowledge of the duties of one, but as I have said, only in a general way."

The general nodded.

"I think you understand about what will be required of you," he said. "There are, however, some special instructions which I wish to give you."

Dick bowed and the general went on: "What I wish you to do will be extremely difficult of accomplishment. Indeed, I can hardly see how it is possible for you to accomplish it at all; however, if you are willing to attempt it, you may do so, and if you should chance to succeed it will be a big feather in your cap, and, I think I am safe in saying, bring you advancement at once."

"What I wish you to do, my boy, is to go over into the city of Manila and see if you can find the headquarters of Aguinaldo, the insurgent chief. Somewhere in the city he has headquarters, and you must find them, if possible. Do you think you can do it? You are willing to make the attempt?"

"I am more than willing, General Lawton; I am anxious to make the attempt," said Dick, earnestly. "Whether or not I

shall be successful is another question. I shall do my best to succeed, however; will spare no effort to succeed."

"That is all any one could do, Dick; that is all that is required. But even then, after you have succeeded in this, the hardest part of your work will still be before you. You will have only entered upon your duties."

"So I supposed, sir. If I succeed in finding Aguinaldo's headquarters, then you will wish me to make an entrance into them in some manner and spy upon him and learn his plans. Is that not it?"

The general nodded.

"That is it," he assented. "That is exactly what I wish you to do, and now you can begin to see what difficult and dangerous work you will be called upon to undertake."

Dick Dareall's lips compressed and a determined light appeared in his eyes.

"It matters not how difficult and dangerous the work may be," he said, quietly. "I am ready to attempt it if the needs of my country demand it."

"Very well, that is settled, then. The question is now, how do you intend going to work? Have you any plan to suggest?"

"I have, sir," Dick replied, promptly. "Very well; let me hear your plan."

"My plan, sir, is this, that I be stripped and flogged with a strap until my arms, shoulders and back are black and blue."

Dick said this in the most matter of fact manner imaginable, but General Lawton gasped. He stared at Dick for a few moments in amazed silence.

"You want to be stripped and flogged till you are black and blue," he cried. "What is your idea for that?"

"It is this, General Lawton: If I go over into the city just as I am now I shall have hard work to accomplish anything. I shall be looked upon with suspicion. Everything that can be done to harass me will be done, and I will be liable to assault at any time, will be in constant danger of this, in fact."

"Yes, that is true," assented the general. "But in what way do you expect to gain by being flogged till you are black and blue? That is the strangest idea imaginable."

"What I shall gain is this, general: After I have been whipped I can don citizen's clothing and go over into the city to-night and pretend that I have run away from your army, have deserted. I will say that I was a helper in the commissary department and that the quartermaster whipped me and mistreated me so shamefully that I ran away. This will make the Filipinos sympathize with me and I will stand a good chance to accomplish my purpose; don't you think so?"

General Lawton stared at Dick Dareall in astonishment, but with admiration as well.

"Young man," he said, presently, and with earnestness, "you are a genius. That is a great scheme of yours and ought to succeed if any plan would. You are a brave youth, too, and an unselfish one, for not many men would coolly consent to allow themselves to be flogged till they were black and blue merely to make success in an undertaking of this kind more certain."

"You overlook the fact, general, that by enduring the pain of this flogging beforehand I make myself much safer when I go into the enemy's lines. It will be a safeguard to me; may even save my life."

"That is doubtless true," the general assented, "nevertheless there are very few men who would consent to having the punishment inflicted when possible gain to themselves thereby lay so far in the future and was problematic even then."

"Well, I am willing," declared Dick. "I think it a good plan, and as for the pain, that will not last long. Indeed, I shall submit to the punishment with feelings of pleasure, for I shall look upon those black and blue stripes as a splendid safeguard; they will be more to me than the coat of mail was to the warriors of old."

"I myself think you are right regarding this matter, Dick, but I shall hate to see the punishment inflicted."

"Oh, you will not realize that it is punishment, sir," Dick said, quietly. "I shall smile while the flogging is being administered."

General Lawton looked at Dick quickly and searchingly. Was it possible that this seemingly modest youth was of the brave order, after all? The general could not think so. There was nothing of the brave air about the youth. He was simply earnest and sincere, that was all. Still, the general had a curiosity to see whether the youth could keep his promise or not. If he could smile while being flogged he was possessed of nerve sufficient for even the dangerous work of a spy within the lines of the insurgent army.

"Are you ready for the flogging to be administered now?" the general asked.

"I am ready now," replied Dick. The general summoned an orderly.

"Drop the door curtain and fasten it," he instructed.

The orderly did so.

Then the general stepped to one corner of the tent and picked up a belt. It was a stout leather belt, a couple of inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. He handed this belt to the orderly, who took it, with a wondering look upon his face.

The general then turned to Dick to tell him to strip to his waist, but found the

youth with coat off and in the act of pulling his shirt off over his head.

A grim look of satisfaction appeared in the old warrior's eyes.

"I guess this young man is all right," he thought. "He knows what is required and doesn't wait to be made do the work."

Dick now straightened up and stood erect. Glancing calmly at General Lawton, he said:

"I am ready, sir."

The general turned to the orderly, and, nodding toward Dick Dareall, said:

"You are to flog him upon back, shoulders and arms until I tell you to stop. Go ahead with the work."

The orderly stepped forward without a word, and, taking up a position at the left of Dick and just the right distance to allow of a good swing of the strap, drew back his arm. A moment it hung extended, backward and outward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then forward and downward it came with a quick, strong swing, and the heavy belt struck the white back of the boy with a sound like the crack of a whip and raised a great, red welt. It was a severe blow and must have caused great physical pain, and General Lawton quickly glanced at the boy's face, expecting to see a terrible look of pain thereon. He was given a surprise, however.

Dick Dareall looked around at General Lawton with a face calm and serene and smiled.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAKING THE START.

General Lawton was surprised. What is more, he was impressed by the exhibition of nerve.

He had not believed any one, much less a beardless boy, could keep an unruffled face and actually smile while undergoing severe physical pain, such as results from a flogging by a heavy strap upon the bare back, yet this boy was doing so. He had said he would do it and he had kept his word.

General Lawton was amazed and his admiration for Dick Dareall increased.

"He is just the kind of person to succeed as a spy," he thought. "Cool, quiet, confident and brave, willing and able to stand physical discomfort and pain without a murmur; that is just what is required. I think he will do."

Then he turned his attention to directing the strokes of the belt in the orderly's hands.

"Don't strike twice in the same place if you can help it," he instructed. "I don't want the skin cut till the blood runs, but wish a large number of red welts and black and blue stripes made."

"There; that is better," as the orderly laid the strap on in accordance with the general's directions.

And Dick stood the punishment in a manner wonderful to see. Although the pain must have been very severe, such was his control of himself that he did not once make a wry face, but actually smiled through it all. It was nerve and will power that did it, and long before the flogging was finished General Lawton had become convinced that Dick Dareall was possessed of a will of iron and nerves of steel.

"He is a remarkable boy," he thought. "I feel that I shall not be disappointed by his work as a spy."

Finally the general raised his hand.

"That will do," he said, and the orderly desisted instantly.

"How does your back feel, my boy?" the general asked.

"Sore, sir," was the quiet reply.

"I should think it would," with a grim chuckle. "Here, take a look at it," and bringing a couple of hand mirrors the general held them in such a manner that Dick was enabled to get a view of his back.

It was covered with large red welts and looked anything but pleasing, but Dick nodded his head approvingly.

"That is all right," he said. "By night there will be black and blue stripes innumerable, which is just what I wish. You did a good job, sir," this last to the orderly, who still stood, strap in hand, staring at the general and the boy with a look of wonder upon his face.

The general saw the orderly was all at sea regarding the meaning of this strange affair, and he said, quietly:

"That is all; you may go, but say nothing to any one about this."

The orderly bowed, threw the strap in the corner of the tent and withdrew.

Then Dick quickly donned his clothes and was himself again.

The general had seated himself and now motioned Dick to a seat.

"As I understand it, now," he said, "you will enter upon your work to-night."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. There is little to add to what has already been said. You will do your best to discover the plans of the insurgents; if successful, and you learn anything of importance, you are to get the information to me at the earliest possible moment. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir. I shall do my very best, I assure you."

There was an earnestness to Dick's tone that was convincing, and the general said: "I am confident you will, my boy. Well,

good by, as I may not see you again before you go," and General Lawton extended his hand, which Dick grasped.

"Good by, sir," said Dick.

"God be with you, my boy. I wish you success and a safe return."

"Thank you, sir."

Then Dick withdrew, going back to his company.

The boys had seen Dick go to General Lawton's tent in company with Colonel Funston and their curiosity had been aroused.

What could have been the reason for his going before the general? they wondered, and they proceeded to question Dick.

"Say, Dick, what did the general want with you, anyway?" asked one.

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, come off," cried another. "We know better. There is something in the wind. Tell us, Dick, that's a good fellow."

"I am not at liberty to tell," replied Dick, quietly. "It was private business of no interest to outsiders."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Gilbert Marmaduke, sneeringly. "How high our little bird is flying, to be sure. It's 'me and the general' now, fellows."

Dick's face flushed and his hands clenched. A peculiar glint appeared in his eyes and he took a step toward the youth who had made the insulting remark. Then he stopped, and, laughing, said:

"Oh, you're jealous; that's what ails you, Gilbert. The general wouldn't be in it at all if you were in my place. It would be just 'Me,' without the general."

The boys gave Gilbert the laugh at this. "That's so," cried one.

"No joke about it," from another. "That's dead right."

"You called the turn that time, Dick."

"That's on you, Marmaduke. Ha! ha!"

The words and the laughter of the boys made Gilbert very angry, and he leaped to his feet and sprang at Dick like a wildcat.

"Curse you, Dick Dareall," he cried. "Do you dare talk to me, Gilbert Marmaduke, in such a fashion? I'll break your face," and he struck at Dick viciously.

Had the blow taken effect it would have knocked Dick down, but he was on his guard, and, stepping quickly aside, stuck out his foot. The result was that Gilbert not only missed Dick with his fist but tripped over the youth's foot and went sprawling upon his face on the ground.

A loud chorus of laughter went up from the soldier boys.

"What's the matter, Marmaduke?"

"Going to join a circus?"

"He's going to do the boss tumbling act."

"Slide, Kelly! Slide!"

These words from his companions, together with the fall, made Gilbert furious with rage, and, leaping to his feet, he attacked Dick fiercely, striking wildly and recklessly, his only thought being to do Dick as serious damage as possible.

But he could not land his blows. Dick understood the art of self-defense thoroughly, and he evaded the blows by ducking, side-stepping and parrying until Gilbert became exhausted by the violence of his own exertions and dropped his arms from sheer weakness, and then, biff! Dick's fist took Marmaduke squarely between the eyes, and down he went at full length upon the ground with a crash.

"Phew!"

"What a sockdolager!"

"Now will you be good?"

"Say, that was a dandy crack!"

"Yes—next door neighbor to the crack of doom!"

Dick stood there, waiting quietly for Gilbert to get up, but the youth seemed in no hurry to do so.

In truth the blow he had received was a hard one and he was half-dazed by it. He lay still and blinked up skyward in a comical manner.

The boys laughed loudly. They did not like Marmaduke on account of the fact that he affected superiority because his father was wealthy and had been a member of Congress, and they were glad to see him get the worst of it.

"Oh, say, get up, Marmaduke! What are you lying there for?"

"You'll catch cold!"

"He's sleepy, fellows! Don't bother him! It's cruel!"

"Oh, try it again, old man! Don't quit so soon!"

The taunts of his companions galled Gilbert terribly and he rose to a sitting posture. Then he struggled slowly to his feet, but made no move toward attacking Dick. Instead he took the course usually taken by cowards, he threatened.

"I'll make you pay for this, Dick Dareall," he hissed, his voice trembling with the force of his emotions. "I'll make you sorry you ever lifted your hand against Gilbert Marmaduke."

The boys laughed jeeringly and Dick said quietly:

"You attacked me and I could do nothing less than defend myself. Did you expect me to stand still and let you pound me?"

"That's what he wanted you to do, Dick."

"Yes, indeed; very cruel of you not to do so, too, Dareall. I'm surprised at your lack of consideration for Marmaduke's feelings. The son of an ex-Cong., too. Shameful!"

"That's all right!" spluttered Gilbert. "Make all the sport you want to, but you'll

find that I'm not to be trifled with, just the same. I never forgive or forget an injury and I'll be even with Dick Dareall for that blow as sure as my name is Marmaduke. I'll make him wish he had never been born."

"Dareall, I pity you; I do for a fact!"
"Yes, yes. Dick, you're in terrible danger!"

"Make your will at once, Dareall!"
"Yes, Marmaduke's a dangerous fellow—nit!"

And then the soldier boys gave Marmaduke the jolly ha! ha! and almost bursting with rage and mortification the youth whirled, and almost running to his tent, disappeared within it.

"That's the best thing that has happened around here yet," said one. "I'm glad you pasted him, Dareall. Maybe it will reduce the swelling of his head a bit."

"He brought it upon himself," said Dick, quietly, and then he went to his tent and entered.

Dick spent the rest of the day writing home to his mother and Lottie Lee, for he always inclosed a sheet to her, and when evening came he began making preparations to start upon his perilous undertaking.

Removing his soldier's uniform, he donned a suit of citizen's clothing that he had brought along, and then, when darkness had settled down over Manila Bay and city, he shook hands with Mark Cramer, to whom he had confided all, and bidding his chum good by, stole out of the tent and camp and made his way boldly in the direction of the city.

Dick Dareall was entering upon a most dangerous undertaking, but he did not falter.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE INSURGENT CHIEF.

Dick realized fully that he was practically taking his life in his hands in going into the city of Manila on an expedition of such danger, but he had counted everything before deciding to become a spy. He was willing to take the risks.

He had written to his mother and Lottie Lee and told them what he was going to do, but he had dwelt lightly upon the dangers, giving them to understand that the work of a spy was no more dangerous than that of a common soldier.

Dick dismissed all thoughts of danger from his mind now and thought only of the work before him and how best to go at it to make a success.

He decided that he would, for a while, at least, have to be guided largely by chance. He could formulate no set plans as yet.

The thing to do was to make his way up into the city without delay, and, keeping his eyes and ears open, be on the watch for something to turn up.

So, with eyes to the front and with no backward glance of regret toward the camp of the regiment, Dick made his way toward the city.

He soon reached the outskirts of the city and began picking his way along the narrow, squalid and poorly-lighted streets. Of course, he knew none of the streets by name, and, indeed, they scarce seemed to deserve names. They all looked alike to Dick, but he kept going in the same direction as nearly as he was able, and gradually came into a better portion of the city, the streets being wider and better lighted.

The city of Manila is divided into two parts by the Pasig River, the north part being the new portion, containing most of the stores and the active business, as well as the larger population, while on the south is the old town, being surrounded by walls, and about one-third of its area is owned by and given up to the church and religious orders. There also is the governor's palace and numerous civil and military organizations. The old and the new towns are connected by three bridges.

Dick was upon the north side of the river, in the new town, and it was here that he expected to find Aguinaldo's headquarters, if in the city at all. Indeed, it had been rumored that the insurgent leader had removed into the country and taken up headquarters upon a plantation, but General Lawton was confident that Aguinaldo was still within the city of Manila.

So he had instructed Dick to look there and see if this were not the case.

Certainly the city was cosmopolitan enough in its population, with the greater number of the residents native Filipinos, of course, to make it possible for Aguinaldo to have his headquarters there.

In some way Dick got the idea that the insurgent chief's headquarters would likely be in the eastern portion of the city, so when presently he struck the Escolta, the principal retail street of the city, which runs east and west, he turned to the eastward and made his way along the street in that direction.

So far Dick had not seen the face of an American, but he was soon to do so. A man with a shrewd, rather sinister face of unmistakable American cast, and with little, shifty black eyes saw Dick and gave a start.

He paused and looked after the youth in an undecided manner.

"A Yankee kid, sure!" he muttered. "I wonder what he is doing up here in the city alone? Perhaps I had better investigate," and with the words the man turned and followed Dick, walking more rapidly than the youth, and soon overtaking him. Even then the fellow hesitated, but presently got over his indecision and accosted Dick.

"Hello, young feller," he said, slapping Dick on the shoulder. "Where away so fast? Must be lost, ain't ye, sonny?"

Dick whirled and shook the man's hand loose instantly.

"What do you mean? Who are you?" he asked, with an assumption of anger. To tell the truth, he was glad to hear the sound of a voice speaking good old United States. Then, he might be able to find out something to his advantage.

"Oh, don't git huffy, youngster," the fellow said. "I meant no harm, but seeing you were a Yankee kid and being from the States myself, I jest thought I'd hail you. No harm done, I hope?"

"Oh, no," replied Dick. "You startled me a little, that's all."

"What's yer name, young feller, ef et's a fair question?"

Dick hesitated, but seeing no harm in telling his name, he did so.

"Dick Dareall, eh? Well, Dick, my name is Zeke Stubbs. Most people calls me Zeke fur short. What ye doin' chasin' around up heer in the city at this time o' night, Dick?"

Dick eyed Zeke Stubbs closely. He wondered what manner of man the fellow was. Was he an honest man, and one loyal to his country, or was he one of those shysters, those birds of prey who go around over the world working for anybody or any cause for money?

He was not a soldier, Dick was confident. He was a civilian, and there was the shrewd, sinister cast to his face and in his eyes that Dick did not like that warned the youth the man was not to be trusted.

Should he tell Zeke Stubbs the story he had made up about being mistreated and flogged and how he had run away from the American army, had deserted? How would Stubbs take such a story? Would he be angry at Dick for his disloyalty and try to force him to return to the army, or would he be glad to hear that the youth had deserted?

Somehow Dick believed the latter, and, obeying an impulse, he told Stubbs the story.

The man watched Dick's face closely while he was talking. Evidently he was studying every varying expression, weighing every word. Dick became convinced that Stubbs was a very shrewd fellow, indeed, and, realizing this, he exerted himself to the utmost to act earnest and sincere; and he flattered himself that he had been reasonably successful, too, for, a good judge of faces himself, Dick believed he read belief of his story in the other's face.

The man eyed the youth searchingly for some moments after he quit talking, however, and presently he spoke:

"So," he breathed, "you are a deserter, eh?"

"Yes, I am," declared Dick, putting all the rancor in the tone he could command. "I reckon you'd desert, too, if you was to be tied up, stripped and whipped with a strap till you were black and blue, wouldn't you?"

The man chuckled.

"I reckon I would," he agreed. "And I reckon I'd a-ried to make the man what whipped me suffer some before I left, too. You done nothin' like that?"

"No, I was glad to get away without being caught at it and shot."

"Well, natures differ. I'm revengeful, that's all. But I take it you don't feel none too friendly toward the army that harbors men like that, eh, my boy?"

"You're right about that," declared Dick, with seeming sincerity.

"And you'd like a chance to get even?"

A thrill of pleasure went over Dick. He believed he was on the right track.

"You may be sure I would like the chance to get even," he declared.

Zeke Stubbs gazed searchingly at Dick for some moments, as if pondering deeply, and then suddenly came to a decision.

"Very well, you shall have the chance," he said. "But, before we go a step, you must promise you will never reveal to a human being what you see and hear to-night."

Dick was startled. This began to sound like business. However, he did not hesitate, but spoke up promptly:

"I promise."

"Spies promise anything," he thought. "There is no place for silly sentiment in their business. All is fair in war."

"Good. Follow me."

Zeke Stubbs led the way along the Escolta for a half mile, at least, and then he turned to the right, down a side street, pausing presently in a dark doorway set deep into the front of a building several stories high.

He gave a peculiar knock and the door was quickly opened. He pushed Dick through the doorway and the youth saw that they were in a vestibule. A Filipino of massive build and ferocious aspect was there, and he glared at Dick in anything but a friendly manner.

"It's 'Freedom or Death,' Felipe," Stubbs said, quietly. And then he added:
"The kid's all right. I'm taking him to the boss."

Felippo threw another door open and the two passed through. Then they ascended a flight of stairs, traversed a long hallway, went up another flight of stairs, traversed another hallway, and, pausing before a door, Stubbs gave a peculiar knock upon it.

Instantly the door swung open and the two stepped through the doorway and into a large, high-ceilinged, luxuriously furnished room, brilliantly lighted, but with heavy shutters upon the outside of the windows.

Down the centre of the room extended a long table. Along the sides of this table sat a number of dark-complexioned, but well-dressed, intelligent-looking men, and at the head of the table, sitting facing Stubbs and Dick as they entered, was a man whose strong face, aquiline nose and pompadour cut hair would have caused him to attract attention anywhere.

Dick gave a start. He had seen pictures of the insurgent leader many times and he recognized the man at the head of the table at once.

It was Aguinaldo himself! Dick stood in the presence of the insurgent chief!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Pluck and Luck" contains all kinds of stories. Issued every week. 32 Pages. Colored Covers. Price 5 cents.

The Great Salt Lake.

The Great Salt Lake is two feet lower than ever before known in the history of Utah, and according to competent observers it is rapidly changing its chief characteristic and turning into an inland sea of fresh water. Every fall the lake is several feet lower than in the spring, but this year the waters have subsided to such an extent that many of the bathing pavilions and bathhouses are left high and dry upon the beach. It has always been believed by experts that the lake had an underground outlet, but no explorer has yet been fortunate enough to discover any. It is supposed, however, that outlets exist, and that during the last six months they have gained noticeably upon the springs which supply the lake.

On the northern slopes of the lake's shores and down the western border are numberless springs which have always run pure brine into the inland sea. These springs evidently come through immense rocks of salt in the earth, and by washing through them they make the spring water intensely briny by the time it reaches the surface. There have been signs of a change in these springs in recent years. Several times they have ceased to flow as rapidly as usual, and the water they poured up appeared fresher. They have now become partly choked up, either with rocks or salt, and they no longer give the same supply of salt water as they did years ago. In several other places—notably on East Antelope, within fifteen feet of the brimming lake basin—there are many fresh water springs that gush up at all seasons of the year and pour into the lake. These fresh water springs have become larger and more powerful since the salt water springs became clogged up, and it is supposed the underground reservoir of water, diverted from its usual course, is now seeking an adequate outlet through the springs where no salt rocks exist.

If this theory is correct, the Great Salt Lake will gradually turn to fresh water, and the surface will continue to fall until the winter and spring freshets from the mountains fill it again. This additional water will add no salt to the great sea, but make it fresher than ever. It has been well known for many years that the Great Salt Lake is fresher in the early spring than in the summer, and the phenomenon is probably caused by the addition of great quantities of water from the snows and streams of the mountains. Those engaged in manufacturing salt on the lake say that it takes six gallons of water to make one gallon of salt in the summer and fall, but that in early spring it often takes seven and eight gallons to make the same quantity.

There are three large streams emptying into the Great Salt Lake—the Bear, Weber and Jordan Rivers—but they make no appreciable difference in the saltiness of the lake, except early in the spring, when they carry the melting snows of the mountains down to the lake. So long as the underground springs of salt continued to pour their brine into the lake it required an immense volume of fresh water to neutralize them.

The Great Salt Lake is seventy miles long and fifty miles across in its widest part, and it has an area of 2,000 square miles. Another peculiar change that has taken place in the lake is the gradual upheaval of the bottom. In recent years its greatest depth has not exceeded forty feet, while the average depth is only from twelve to twenty. Fifty years ago the bottom could not be sounded in places, and lines 100 feet long failed to strike bottom.

(This story commenced in No. 261.)

Doctor Dick:

OR,

Ten Weeks on Lunatic Island.

By J. G. BRADLEY,

Author of "Captain Thunder," "Sinbad the Second," "The Hero of the Maine," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE ISLAND BEGINS TO TREMBLE.

It was nearly a month before the Pirate of the Pacific saw fit to pay his visit to Lunatic Island.

In the meantime the boys had made a few changes and improvements in the condition of the natives.

Lem had a razor and a pair of pocket scissors, which he used to good advantage, and the old fellows really looked quite respectable in Van Dyke beards and sheared top knots.

Then Ned turned his attention toward their wearing apparel and made some funny looking garments by pinning the leaves together with fine, sharp sticks.

Dick doctored his patients carefully every day and it was surprising how well his medicines agreed with them.

"They are all getting to be as mild as kittens," said Ned one day. "Really, they are not a bad lot of people to live among."

"I wonder if we will have to spend our lives here," cried Lem. "It begins to look like it and I'm getting discouraged."

"Oh, no, I'm sure we won't," said Doctor Dick, quickly. "Our flag of distress is still waving in the tree—some ship is bound to see it some time and come to our assistance."

He looked up at a tall tree that grew on a very high knoll and watched a curious-looking flag that was fluttering from a pole lashed among its topmost branches.

The flag was really the piece of canvas that they had used when they were adrift in the small boat, but Dick had stained it with indigo juice and coke berries until it quite resembled an American flag, and then hung it upside down to show that they were in distress and needed assistance.

"It was a tough job getting that pole up there," said Lem, as he followed Dick's glance. "Guess we never could have done it if it hadn't been for Hercules."

"Yes, he's my mildest patient now," said Doctor Dick. "The only ones who give me any trouble now are Jumbo and the Baby."

Jumbo was the name he had given to the most violent lunatic; the one that was always kept tied and who was really an idiot.

"What's the matter with Jumbo?" asked Ned, with interest. "I haven't seen him at all since you ordered him back into the shanty."

"Oh, he's an elephant on my hands, as his name implies," laughed Dick; "you see he is so daffy that he doesn't even know that I'm his doctor."

"What, don't he treat you with proper respect?" laughed Ned.

"No he don't," said Dick. "He spits out my pills and powders."

"Well, I don't blame him," said Lem, smiling. "For I saw you making pills out of salt and powdered gourd seeds the other day. You don't expect even a lunatic to swallow that stuff, do you?"

"Well, I had to replenish my medicine case some way," laughed Dick, "and I haven't been able to find a drug store on the island."

"And we've been over every inch of it, too, I guess," said Ned, "when we were looking for the jewels and his Highness the Pirate."

"I wonder when he's coming," said Lem, after a pause. "If he don't show up soon I'll have nervous prostration."

"King Flappy-Doo says he'll be here to-night," said Dick. "He made some kind of a calculation by counting his feathers."

"It's nice to have King Flappy-Doo on deck again, isn't it? And he doesn't seem much the worse for his recent tantrum, either," said Ned.

"His memory grows weaker every day, I think, but he seems positive that to-night will see the pirate," replied the doctor.

"Well, we'll lie awake and watch for the gentleman," said Ned; "but here comes King Flappy-Doo—let's ask him some questions."

The boys were sitting under a tree at a little distance from the shanties and as the lunatics were all quiet the king had ventured out to join them.

"Sit down, Your Highness," said Dick, beckoning to the king.

"No, no, I am king no longer," said the old fellow, pleasantly. "Doctor Dick is king of Lunatic Island!"

"What an honor," whispered Ned under his breath to Lem. He liked the old king so he would not hurt his feelings by laughing.

"Tell he," said Dick to the king, "what does 'Flappy-Doo' mean? It's a very queer name. I don't think I ever heard it before."

"The Flappy-Dooes are birds, very rare birds," said the old fellow. "They come now and then to Lunatic Island and leave eggs like these." Here he dived in among

the leaves that covered his breast and brought out a dozen big diamonds wrapped up in a leaf.

"Great Caesar!" cried Ned, "then that must have been a Flappy-Doo's nest that we found that day! Just look at these stones! They are perfect beauties."

"And see!" said the king, pointing to the gay feathers that he had given to Dick when he crowned him king, and which Dick had insisted upon his taking back later. "See, this is the tail of the Flappy-Doo. There is no other like it. Oh, he is a noble creature."

"You are right he is, if he lays diamonds," said Ned. "Do they come in flocks or just singly?" he asked excitedly.

"One only at a time, and in the dark night always. A noise, a great flutter of wings and he has passed over," said the king, solemnly.

"How did you come by those feathers; did you kill one?" asked Lem.

"No, no, that would be wrong! They are sacred!" cried the king. "One dropped from the heavens at different times. The first feather fell on the first king's shoulder."

"So that's how he got the name," said Ned, who was much relieved. He had always wondered where they ran across such a title.

"I never heard of a bird called the Flappy-Doo," said Lem, after the king had gone. "The first king must have been daft as well as the others."

"Poor fellow! I expect he was before he died," said Dick. "If he wasn't I can imagine what he must have suffered. I wonder if it is true that the pirate killed him? I don't suppose it is wise to believe all these poor fellows tell you."

"I'd like to know the truth about it," said the sailor, with a scowl on his face. "If he did kill that poor fellow I would like to know it."

"I can't see why he should unless he took him for some kind of strange bird," said Dick. "You must admit, Lem, that our friends are mighty queer looking people."

"Oh, yes, the pirate may have thought he was a cross between an ourang outang and an ostrich and taken a shot at him the first time he saw him," said the sailor, thoughtfully.

"Somehow I have great hopes of the pirate's visit," said Ned, after a while. "I can't help feeling that it will be our chance to get away from the island."

"We'll have to take the lunatics with us when we go, so the thing is impossible," said Lem, "unless he comes in an ocean steamer."

"Let's get our boat ready in case we need her," cried Dick, springing suddenly to his feet. "Who knows what may happen before to-morrow morning!"

Just at that moment a most extraordinary thing happened; the very ground upon which they were standing began to quiver and tremble.

"An earthquake!" cried Ned, turning pale with terror.

"A tidal wave! The island is sinking!" yelled the sailor.

"Perhaps she's only shifting her ballast; it feels that way," said Dick. "If it keeps up much longer I shall be sick at my stomach."

Just then, with a fearful yelling, the lunatics all came rushing from their shanties.

"He is coming! The pirate is coming!" shrieked King Flappy-Doo wildly.

CHAPTER XI.

GETTING READY FOR THE PIRATE.

For nearly ten minutes the ground continued to shake and tremble and during the whole time the yelling of the lunatics made a perfect bedlam on the island.

Even Doctor Dick was too frightened to do much but keep quiet, but after a while the motions grew less and the boys gradually became braver.

"That's the trouble with these islands," said the sailor, thoughtfully. "You know they are said to shift their positions and sometimes to disappear entirely. I wonder if we have moved any nearer the equator? It seems mighty hot and sultry all of a sudden."

"There must have been a volcanic eruption or an earthquake somewhere near here," said Dick, "and we got the vibrations some way or other."

"Well, you can't convince those fellows that it was due to any natural causes," said Ned, pointing to the lunatics. "They think the pirate is coming for sure. Gee whiz! Did you ever see such antics?"

"I'll try to quiet them," said Dick, bracing up. In a minute he was over in the thick of the racket.

It was the hardest test for his skill that Dick had ever had, but at last he succeeded in restoring something like order.

He had to administer a whole handful of his homemade pills before he could convince them that their troubles for the time were over.

When he visited the shanty where Jumbo was confined the poor fellow was stone dead; the fright had killed him.

This would have started all the lunatics to yelling again if they had known it, but

Dick merely put up the door to the poor fellow's shanty and then took King Flappy-Doo aside and told him about it.

"I knew it!" cried the king, who was very much excited. "Some one always dies when the pirate makes his visit."

"Well, I know some one else that will die if he ever shows his black face on this island," said Dick, brandishing his revolver. "I will shoot the pirate on sight if I find that he is guilty, and don't you forget it."

"Good! Good!" said the king, looking much relieved. "Then at dark we will bury the poor child's body."

"Hercules will help you if I tell him," said Dick. "I will talk to him quietly as soon as the medicine has made him more easy."

"Doctor Dick is a wonderful man," said the king. "There is no man so great, so good as a doctor."

"Especially one like me," thought Dick, trying not to smile. "I'm what might be called a Jim Dandy Top-Notcher."

As soon as it was dark Dick sent his patients to bed, except Hercules and the king, who had to bury their dead companion.

Dick stayed at the settlement to keep his eye on the lunatics while Lem and Ned went out into the grove and helped to bury the body.

It was a beautiful night and the island looked almost like fairy land, with the moon just lighting up the trees and the roofs of the funny looking shanties.

"It wouldn't be a bad place to visit for awhile," said Dick to himself, "but, oh, what a lonesome spot to spend one's life on. If we could only find a lot of jewels and then some steamer would come and take us home we'd be regular counts of Monte Christo."

Just then there was a peculiar noise in the Baby's shanty and Dick went over and investigated.

He was horrified to find a big snake coiled up on the floor of the shanty, while the Baby was jumping up and down in an excited manner.

"I'll fix him. Don't be frightened!" cried Dick, as he ran for a club.

In another minute he was battering the serpent's head in.

"Did he scare you?" he asked as he took the snake by the tail and flung it out of the shanty.

"I scared him," muttered the poor lunatic, and began to giggle.

It was the first time that Dick had heard the Baby speak plainly, so he stayed a minute and stared at him curiously.

"I'm glad you think so," he said, after a minute, "but I don't quite agree with you, however; he is one of the harmless kind, so it don't make much difference which one of you was frightened. How are you feeling to-night?" he asked, going nearer to the old fellow.

"Oh, the moon is fine and the snake was so pretty," giggled the lunatic. "He was a nice, good snake; don't you think so, doctor?"

"Yes, indeed. He was a perfect angel," Dick replied. "A real jolly old chap. I'm glad you enjoyed his company."

"See the flowers and the birds," said the Baby, pointing to a pile of leaves and sticks in one corner of his shanty.

"I am building houses for the birds; they come and eat my dinner."

"Well, go to sleep now; it's bedtime," said Dick, as he heard the grave diggers coming back.

He said good night to the Baby and went to meet the others.

"Well, how did you make out?" he said to Ned, softly; "did you have anything to dig with except the hatchet and a jack knife?"

"Oh, yes, we had shells, and they were first rate for digging. The soil is very soft; we had no trouble whatever. We laid him in a grave that we made soft with leaves and then spread a thick layer of leaves over him in the place of a blanket," said Ned in a whisper.

"Then we filled in the grave and put a stone at the head; it was all we could do for the poor old fellow."

By this time the moon was shining at its brightest and the lunatics in all the shanties were growing very restless.

"Strange how the moon affects them so," said Dick, "but I suppose that's where the name comes from, lunatic from Lunar, the Latin for moon."

King Flappy-Doo's assistant, the Lord High Chancellor, was taking his turn again; he "had gone off the handle," as Ned called it, only a day or two after the King's recovery.

Neither of the boys felt inclined to sleep, for the earthquake, or whatever it was, had made them feel decidedly nervous.

"Let's sit out here where it's cool," said Dick, when they had listened a few moments, and they all sat down on a stone—Lem, Dick, Ned, the king and Hercules.

After a minute of silence Dick began to ask questions.

"Are there any weapons of any kind on the island that you know of, or any tools that are sharp enough to use as weapons?"

In an instant the king sprang up and lifted a flat stone that lay near them.

"Here is this," he said showing them a part of a carpenter's kit, besides a rusty knife and a clumsy hatchet.

"Those are your cooking utensils, aren't they? Well, some of them will do, old fellow. Now, is there any rope or anything that we can use to tie the pirate in case he comes and we decide not to kill him?"

The old fellow shook his head, but pointed to a large coil of dried vines. They were as tough as leather and would do very well to tie the pirate's hands and feet together.

"Now let's go down and pull the boat as near the water as possible. The oars are in the shanty, so there's no fear of any one launching her."

Ned stayed and watched while the others dragged out the boat; they had looked after her every day, so she was in tip-top condition.

"Now I guess we've done all we can do," said Dick, "so now you and Hercules go to bed, but first try and stop the racket that those fellows are making."

The two lunatics ran off and disappeared in the shanties and very soon things became quiet again in the settlement.

"Those two are almost as sane as we are," said Ned when they were gone. "It's strange how they tremble at the name of the pirate."

"Well, I don't wonder that they tremble," said Ned; "that is, if the pirate always announces his coming with an earthquake."

"I guess he's a monster all right. I've heard that he was," said Lem. "They say he's not human and that he lives in the ocean."

"Where does he get the jewels and the gold, then?" asked Ned.

"Why, he goes around in some sort of a submarine ram, they say, and when he sees a steamer he comes up under her and rams her and then loots her coffers after she strikes the bottom."

"What a fiend!" cried Ned, who could hardly believe it. "I wonder if it was he who sent the Ocean Queen to the bottom?"

"It was a typhoon gale that did that," said Dick, very soberly.

"Pshaw! A chap that makes earthquakes can make a typhoon gale, I guess. I shall settle with him for the Ocean Queen when I meet him!" cried Ned, hotly.

"That is, if he don't see you first," said the sailor, smiling. "You see he is different from a human being; he is liable to bob up from any old place and he's always armed with spears and arrows."

"I should think he'd carry a Smith & Wesson," said Ned, dryly. "It's easier to handle than either spears or arrows."

"How would he keep his cartridges dry if he lives in the water?" asked Dick, laughing at Ned's stupidity.

"I didn't think of that, but still, Lem says he owns a submarine craft, so he could manage to carry a pistol, but I hope he doesn't. Of course a bow and arrow is a dangerous weapon if a fellow knows how to use them."

"Specially if the tips of the arrows are poisoned," said the sailor, "and it's not probable that a rascal like the pirate would overlook such an item as the poison."

"I'm going to make a tour of the shanties," said Dick, after a few minutes. "I just want to convince myself that the chancellor is all right and that the king is really asleep and not 'playing possum.'"

"He's a pretty foxey loon, ain't he, Dick?" said Ned. "Why, the traps he lays to catch the other fellows in would do credit to an experienced New York detective."

"Yes, he's shrewd, all right, but I guess he has to be, for those chaps would be putting up all sorts of games on us if he wasn't. Why, only yesterday I saw the Baby grinding up one of those little, hard, black beetles, and he'd have had it in the coffee if the king hadn't stopped him. It did look a good deal like a coffee bean, so I didn't much blame him," remarked Dick, laughing.

"What a narrow escape for us," said Lem, "but what is this stuff, anyway, that they give us for coffee? It isn't half bad, whatever it is, but it surely isn't coffee, for there is none growing on the island."

"Oh, that's straight chicory," laughed Ned; "you'd recognize it, my boy, if you'd ever stopped anywhere in a boarding house for breakfast. Go on, doctor, and attend to your professional calls. Those fellows are beginning to get uneasy again and I confess that I feel interested in the chancellor's condition."

When Dick came back from making the rounds he was chuckling to himself.

"It was just as I expected," he said. "The chancellor's all right, but King Flappy was sitting bolt upright in his shanty, with his weather eye open on the lookout for the pirate."

"Poor fellow! He's weighed down with the responsibility of his position. It must be awful to be the ruler of a lot of lunatics," said Ned, smiling.

"Especially when one of them is a firebug like the Baby. Why, that little rascal alone is enough to drive the king gray-headed."

"Well, the whole lot of them will manage to do me up, I guess," said Dick. "I can feel my hair turning gray every time I go near them. I only hope that my influence over them will last, for there are two or three of those chaps who could be mighty ugly if they dared to. Some day they'll break loose and then I'll see my finish. You never know what a lunatic will

do when once he kicks over the traces completely."

"Well, if one lunatic only a little less crazy than the rest can control them now, certainly three sane men ought to keep them within bounds even if they do all kick up together," said Ned, very seriously. "Oh, I suppose we can if we try," said Dick; "we can judge better of our abilities after we have had our siege with the pirate."

"Well, I'll see his finish or eat my hat," said Lem, decidedly. "He's too big a rascal to live. I shall certainly kill him if I am smart enough."

"So will I!" cried Ned.

"Me, too!" added Dick, "and I guess if we all kill him he'll be pretty dead."

"It will be 'three times and out,'" said Ned, and then all laughed heartily.

"I should like to see his boat; she must be a wonder," said Ned a minute later. "Do you suppose she is anything like the Holland submarine boat that we have in the United States?"

"I don't expect she is in the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth," said the sailor. "I expect she's a mystery, just like the captain, but I confess that I'd like a chance to steer her."

"Old Flappy-Doo spoke of the pirate's imps, don't you remember?" said Ned, thoughtfully. "I wonder if they are the crew of the craft he sails in?"

"Probably," answered Lem. "That would be very likely, for if the devil is at the wheel there should be imps in the fo'castle."

"Well, I don't care if the whole infernal regions come up," cried Dick, stoutly. "Here are two good Americans and one Englishman to fight them and if that combination can be beat I'll eat my suspenders."

"That's right," cried Lem, "and we'll stick by our colors; there is no pirate in creation that can make me surrender."

"No, nor me," said Ned, stoutly, "for I'll fight like a Tartar."

"We must not forget that we've got to look out for those poor chaps as well as ourselves," said Dick, pointing toward the shanties, "but I guess we can do it if we tend strictly to business."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PIRATE.

At eleven o'clock the boys began to grow sleepy. Dick looked at his watch and could not help yawning.

"Go to sleep, you two; I'll look out for his nibs," said the sailor. "Somehow I ain't got much faith in the pirate's coming."

"Well, I have," said Dick, "and I'm going to keep awake if it kills me. You take a snooze yourself, Lem. I'll wake you if I need you."

"All right," said the sailor. "I've got no objections. I'd go to sleep right here if it wasn't for the lizards."

"Haven't learned to love 'em yet, eh, Lem?" laughed Dick. "They won't hurt you if you don't eat 'em, and there's no danger of that, is there?"

"I guess not," grunted Lem, "but I don't like the slimy critters. I don't mind the monkeys or the laughin' jackasses or the parrots, but I'd rather be excused from makin' friends with the lizards."

"Oh, go to sleep, Lem. I'll take care of you," laughed Dick good naturedly. "I'll just sit here like a scarecrow and they won't come near you."

"All right," said Lem, rolling over back toward him. In a minute both he and Ned were sleeping soundly.

"What a beautiful night," said Dick to himself, "but I wonder what's the reason that there are no monkeys chattering."

All of a sudden he sat up straight and began looking sharply around, then he sprang to his feet and put his hand on his revolver.

"What the deuce was that?" he muttered, softly. "I heard a man's voice just as sure as shooting."

He listened a second and then heard it again; it was certainly a man's voice coming from directly across the island.

"Wake up, quick, boys, the pirate's coming!" he cried, touching Lem and Ned with his toe.

In a second they were wide awake and standing beside him.

"It's a man's voice all right, and he's singing if I am not much mistaken," said the sailor, listening.

"Well, he'll never get a job at the opera house in New York if that's the best he can do," said Ned; "did you ever hear such ridiculous noises?"

"Well, he comes to his fate cheerfully, to say the least," said Dick, who was cutting the vines into short lengths and coiling them together.

"Now, then, shall we wake the king from his peaceful slumbers?" asked Ned.

"Oh, let him sleep," said Dick. "He would only get rattled. Ten to one he'd go off his head and I'd have to stop and fill him full of medicine."

"Or put him in a strait jacket," said the sailor, laughing.

"I don't think there is such a thing on the island," said Dick. "This is a strictly

up-to-date humane lunatic asylum; they have no instruments of torture like strait jackets and bracelets."

"We'd better get a move on if we intend to help that fellow land," said Lem.

"Oh, I'm not going to be too previous in making his acquaintance," replied Dick.

"I propose to shadow the gentleman, when he goes to visit the Diadem and the Royal Necklace. It will be time enough to face him when we have located the treasures."

"A good scheme if it works, but suppose he takes a notion to visit the lunatics first," said the sailor.

"He won't," said Dick, promptly. "He is too much of a miser."

"Well, anyway, we've got to get nearer to him than this, but we must walk on tip-toe or the king will hear us."

Stepping as lightly as possible, the three crept away from the shanties and began crawling through the trees and bushes in the direction of the singing.

"That's a Hawaiian ditty, I guess," said Ned, puffing. "There are no words to the thing; just a conglomeration of noises."

"It's a solo, anyway," answered Dick, who was ahead. "I hope to goodness he don't surprise us with a rousing chorus."

"No, one of his kind will be a plenty to tackle, I fancy. We can do without the imps," said the sailor, striding forward.

When they reached the top of a little knoll, where they could see the water, the boys crouched as low as possible in the fringe of bushes.

"Don't let him see you, for heaven's sake," warned Dick in a whisper, and just then the boys saw a sight that filled them with wonder.

"A long, dark object shot suddenly in view around a point of the island. There was not a sound on the water, but a series of flashes on each side of the low craft showed that it was being propelled by oars and that in a most skillful manner."

"An eight-oared barge, as I'm alive," was Dick's stifled exclamation.

"And the imps rowing like a picked team from Harvard or Princeton," gasped Ned.

"The pirate's acting as his own coxswain and doing all the singing. My, but doesn't she just fly over the water," whispered the sailor.

"Where the mischief did he get it?" asked Dick, meaning the barge.

"Borrowed it from old Neptune; he's the owner of all craft, or perhaps the devil gave it to him as a reward for his evil doings," was Ned's answer.

"Most likely he stole it from the cargo of some steamer," said the sailor, "but there's one thing sure; he's got it and he knows how to use it."

"Did you ever hear such a song?" whispered Ned, after another moment of looking and listening. "It sounds like a mixture of Chinese and Indian, with a strong hyena or coyote accent."

"He does yell some, I admit," said Dick, under his breath. "It must be either a song of victory or the battle hymn of his republic."

"They are making for that big rock on the shore," he said, after a minute. "I wonder if it is near that rock that the jewels are hidden."

"We searched that spot pretty carefully last week," answered Ned, "but there's no knowing but what we overlooked some cubby hole or other, but, say, what's he doing now, having prayers?" he whispered.

At an order from the pirate the oarsmen had stopped rowing, in another second their heads bent forward as if they were either asleep or praying, then, with the quickest motion that the boys had ever seen the singer dived out of the boat into thirty feet of water.

"That's the end of his song, anyway," whispered Ned. "Guess he's going to come ashore alone, but that won't help matters any."

"No, it makes it harder for us," said Dick, beginning to crawl through the bushes on his hands and knees. "We'll have to divide our forces if we expect to capture both the pirate and his oarsmen."

"There he is," whispered Ned, as the fellow suddenly stood up in the water. "Why, he's a perfect dwarf in stature and as black as a nigger!"

In another second they saw the pirate making signs with his hands and the paddles of the oarsmen fairly flew over the water.

As quick as they touched shore the oarsmen scrambled out. They each carried a small bag in one hand and a short spear in the other.

"I'll bet those are the 'little people,'" said Ned in a whisper, as they scampered up the beach. "They ain't bigger than grasshoppers or a fair-sized canary."

"I can't make 'em out," whispered Lem, who was close at Dick's elbow. "I've seen the most of the natives of the Pacific Ocean, but these fellows beat me. I never saw any like 'em."

"Now they are doing a war dance around the rock," muttered Ned, as the little fellows got into a circle and began prancing around the monstrous boulder that was outlined so clear in the moonlight.

"Gee, how they do shake their spears and how they do glisten in the moonlight," whispered Dick. "Just look at the pirate's spear! My, isn't it a big one!"

"Too big, I should think, for such a little fellow to carry, I should say," said Ned, "and yet he's head and shoulders above the others."

"I wonder if they are Australian bushmen," said Dick. "I've heard about those people but have never seen them."

"Too little. I've seen lots of 'em," said Lem, very shortly. "If I'm not much mistaken these are a very rare species. They are the natives of one of the Mysterious Islands."

"Tell us all you know about them," said Dick, as he watched them, "for they are bloodthirsty little creatures, if I'm not much mistaken."

"I don't know much," answered Lem, "only that some of the islands are inhabited, but you see no one ever came back to Australia who could tell a straight story; they never got on the islands exactly, only passed near enough to see them."

"So we are the lucky ones; we are here," said Ned, trying to smile. "Well, it remains to be seen whether we'll be able to go back and tell our story."

"Jerusalem, Ned, what are they going to do now?" said Dick. He was so excited for a minute that he spoke louder than he intended to.

"Hush! They'll hear you," warned the sailor, and the boys held their breaths, for in an instant the imps had stopped dancing and were peering into the bushes.

"Now you've done it," whispered Ned, as he saw the pirate start in their direction. "He's coming—no he ain't—he's reconsidered the matter."

"Oh, he'll get rid of those bags before he looks for trouble," said Dick. "See, there he goes back! He is telling them something."

The pirate had turned back and was facing the "little people" again and once more he began making signs to them with his hands and waving his arms around in a comical manner.

"That must be something important that he is telling them," whispered Ned. "Did you ever see anybody go through such contortions?"

Before Dick could answer a strange thing happened. The boys held their breaths and stared in amazement. At a sign from their leader the whole party put their hands against the rock and, although not one of them was larger than a ten-year-old child, the monstrous rock swung around as if it was on a pivot.

"Well, I'll be darned!" whispered Dick. "Did you ever see the beat of that?" muttered Lem.

"They are witches for fair. I don't like 'em a little bit," was Ned's comment.

The next instant the whole party had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up and Dick sprang forward like a deer, with one hand on his pistol.

"Quick! let's get over there and guard the hole that they all fell into!" he cried.

"You can tie up those little fellows with the vines as they come out and I'll stand ready to tackle the pirate."

In less than a minute they had reached the rock and stood looking down into a hole that was hardly eighteen inches in diameter.

"I wonder if we can move the rock," said Dick, putting his hand on it, while he kept one eye on the hole in the ground. "I can't budge it an inch," he said, after trying to move it.

"There's some trick about it, no doubt," said Lem, "but now let's talk business for a minute."

He was standing by the hole just out of range of a possible spear or arrow, and as he spoke he motioned for Ned to guard the other side of the opening.

"I'll take a look at the boat to see that there are no more of those little fellows hiding in her," said Dick, "for it wouldn't be pleasant to have an arrow come flying from that direction."

He went over to the barge and examined it carefully.

"There's nothing in it but the oars," he said, "and they are as light as feathers."

"They'd have to be for those little chaps to handle 'em," said Lem. "Here, sort out some of these vines and let's make slip nooses in 'em. I mean to lasso those imps the minute their heads pop above the surface."

Ned and Dick each made a lasso and then stood ready to use them.

"I wonder what's keeping them so long," said Ned, after a few minutes.

"Why, they are counting over that million dollars in gold, of course," answered Dick, "and I don't suppose that any of them are very rapid at figures."

"Well, I'm anxious to count it myself," said Ned, and just at that very minute Dick uncoiled and dropped his lasso.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No. 2 of "Snaps" is out to-day. It contains the great comic story "Tommy Bounce At School; or, The Family Mischiefs At Work and Play."

Electricity has been used to some extent for glass making. It is said that with the electric arc, a pot of glass can be melted in a few minutes, which, in the old process, would require hours.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. Notice is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

S. S.—There is no premium on the \$5 Confederate bill you describe.

IRENE BATES.—The coins you describe are all common, bearing no premium.

JAMES T. BELL.—The notice was published on the eighth page of No. 259 of this paper.

"HAPPY DAYS" PHIL.—See first answer to "Clayton W. Noel" in this column. 2. Writing good, but you are deficient in spelling. 3. We cannot say.

G. SKEETS.—You are in error about the date of the two-cent piece; they were first coined in 1864. Those of 1873 are quoted at 75 cents; all others bear no premium.

H. H. H.—A half-cent of 1801 in fine condition is worth about five cents. 2. A good common school education would be absolutely necessary to become a good actor.

THE TWO DETECTIVES.—A boy of 16 ought to be 5 feet 2 inches tall and weigh about 110 pounds. A boy of 14, 5 feet, 100 pounds. 2. Admiral George Dewey was born at Montpelier, Vt., December 26, 1837.

HAPPY BILL.—Read "In Peril of Pontiac; or, the Boys of the Frontier Fort," by Frank Forrest, published in Nos. 198 to 205 of this paper; we will send you the complete story by mail, postage free, on receipt of forty cents in money or postage stamps.

FRANK CARLSON.—There is very little value to any of the old State bank bills; the only way to find out is to write to the president or secretary of the bank, if they are still living, or write to the State Bank Inspectors. We can give you no information regarding it.

FIVE-CENT JACK.—We cannot give you the required information regarding the "Court of Honor;" it will be necessary for you to write to the city clerk of Philadelphia. 2. The cost of the United States war vessels you inquire about is as follows: Alabama, \$3,750,000; Olympia, \$1,796,000; Wisconsin, \$3,750,000; new Maine, \$3,500,000; old Maine, \$2,500,000; St. Paul, \$1,200,000; Merrimac, \$325,000, and the New Orleans about \$2,000,000.

CLAYTON W. NOEL.—It would depend on circumstances and the social relations existing between the parties as to who should begin a correspondence. The party who goes away from a locality is the one who generally writes first if they desire to correspond. 2. "London, E. C.," means London, East-Centre. 3. A youth of 17 years ought to be about 5 feet 4 inches tall and 115 pounds in weight. 4. We do not approve of a contest of that kind.

STRONGEST BOY IN PHILADELPHIA.—Capt. Dreyfus is about 37 years of age. 2. It would be impossible to say how much anybody ought to lift. 3. Smoking of any kind is decidedly injurious to a growing boy; give it up by all means. 4. The following is a good toning solution for silio paper: Sodium hyposulphite, 8 ounces; common alum, 6 ounces; water, 80 ounces; when dissolved add 2 ounces of borax dissolved in 8 ounces hot water. Let stand over night and decant clear liquid.

JOB, THE HALF-WIT.—We cannot express any opinion as to the merit of any particular make of bicycle. You can get all the information you desire from any general bicycle dealer. 2. The time slated for one-half mile is good. 3. There is no boy record that we know of. 4. Chas. W. Murphy, paced by a locomotive and train of cars, rode a mile in 57.45 seconds, June 30, 1899. He rode a wheel geared to 120. Anderson paced by a locomotive rode a mile in 1 minute and 3 seconds, August 9, 1896.

ARTHUR J. RAINES.—The knowledge of the subjects you desire can be found in almost any large encyclopedia, which you can find at any of the public libraries, if you do not possess one yourself; our space is too limited to give you a lucid description of each subject. 2. You can obtain a camera of that kind from \$10 upward, according to quality of lenses; any dealer in photographers' supplies will furnish you with a catalogue and price list. 3. The pay

of an apprentice in electric stations ranges from \$5 per week upward, according to length of service and capacity.

B. A.—There is no premium on an English half-penny of 1775 or an American cent of 1816 unless in perfect condition, in which case the cent might bring five cents. The copy you sent is of a "Copperhead," issued during the scarcity of small change, in the years 1863-'64; there was some 5,000 of them issued by private individuals throughout the United States, of various designs; they bear no premium. 2. We cannot solve puzzles in this column. Read "How to Solve Puzzles." Price 10 cents. Sent postpaid upon receipt of the price. Postage stamps taken the same as money.

G. M.—Boys are enlisted for the army as buglers and drummers when needed; make application at any United States recruiting office or write to the Department of Equipment and Recruiting, War Department, Washington, D. C. 2 cents of 1854 bear no premium. 3. To get fat a person must take moderate exercise, eat plenty of farinaceous food and take nine or ten hours sleep out of every twenty-four; growing boys seldom gain much flesh until they have attained their full growth. 4. Naval apprentices can be enlisted at the receiving ship of any United States navy yard, or on the training ship Constellation, Newport, R. I.

HENRY D. BRESLIN.—There are various rates of fare between Boston and San Francisco, according to the way you desire to travel; make application at any general railroad ticket office for definite information. 2. We do not know of an ink of that kind. You might write with ordinary black ink, let it dry thoroughly and paste another piece of the same kind of paper over the writing; if done neatly it will be invisible unless held before a light. 3. United States copper coins have been coined every year from 1816 to 1899; many of those from 1857 to 1899 are still in circulation. 4. There is no premium on the half-dollars of 1803 and 1827. 5. Writing very good.

WHITE NINE.—Jockeys are required to undergo a very rigid course of training in order to reduce their weight to the minimum. To do this they take hot baths, long walks and runs while clothed in heavy garments to produce profuse perspiration, eat very sparingly of foods that sustain the body but do not produce fat, and live very regularly in every respect. Then they must be thorough riders and acquainted with every method of handling a horse, which is really an intuitive knowledge, and be quick to learn every point of the horses they are required to ride. They are brought up in the stable, so to speak, and thus gain a fund of practical knowledge of everything relating to the profession.

DANDY DAN.—So far as salary goes, the President of the United States occupies a very inferior position in relation to other rulers, as he gets not quite \$1,000 a week. The Emperor of Russia practically owns the country and the revenue, but he contents himself with an income of \$25,000 a day; the Sultan of Turkey grinds \$18,000 a day from his poor subjects; the Emperor of Austria has an income of \$10,000 a day, and the Emperor William \$8,000 a day. Queen Victoria has \$35,000 a week to spend, and all her children and grandchildren are supported by the government. There is no definite way of ascertaining the incomes of Oriental potentates; they practically take the entire income of the State and use it as they please.

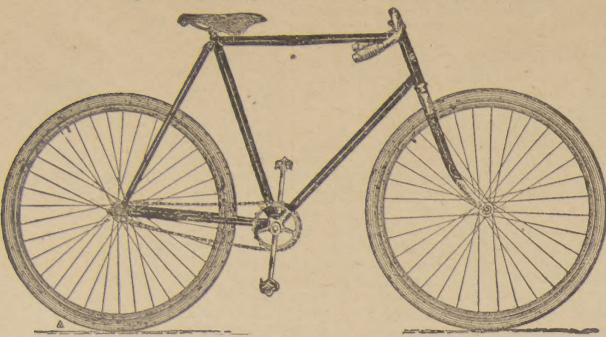
DAVID S.—To become a prescription clerk in a drug store you must graduate from a college of pharmacy after taking a two years' course. Without a diploma you cannot prepare prescriptions. 2. Read "How to do Chemical Tricks," price 10 cents, sent post paid upon receipt of the price. 3. The price of government land is \$1.25 and \$2.50 per acre, according to location and quality of land. 4. A United States cent of 1850, if in fine condition, is worth about three cents. 5. The best books for you to study to become a pharmacist are those relating to the properties of drugs and the preparation of medicine and prescriptions. You can obtain such books of any publisher or dealer in medical books. Write to them for a catalogue and price list.

AN OLD READER.—In sending questions to be answered in this column you must remember that "Happy Days" is made up two weeks in advance of the date of publication, and that it will always take from two to three weeks before you can expect your answers to appear in print, consequently any of your questions regarding the Dewey celebration, if answered, would appear in print after the celebration was over. 2. For a good "Frank Reade" story see No. 261 of this paper. 3. The following is a good varnish for gilded articles: Gum lac in grains, gamboge, dragon's blood and annatto, of each 1½ ounces; saffron, 2¼ ounces. Each resin must be dissolved separately in 5 pints of 90 per cent. alcohol, and two separate tinctures must be made with the dragon's blood and annatto, in a like quantity of spirits; and a proper proportion of each mixed together to produce the required shade.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

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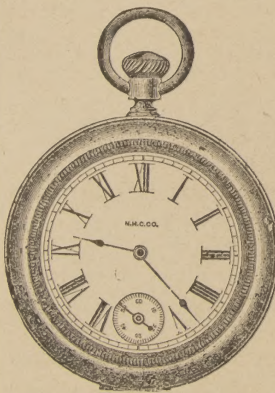
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